

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

Maclean's

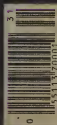
AUGUST 2, 1982

\$1.90



RETURN TO YESTERYEAR

'20s Fashion Back in Style



Should you drink if you're pregnant?

The question is very much in the news these days.

Studies are being done in many countries to determine the effect of alcohol on unborn children, but because the investigation is still so young, and because mothers' lifestyles are so varied, medical people have yet to reach a unanimous conclusion.

Now we're not doctors or scientists, but we have some good advice to offer you.

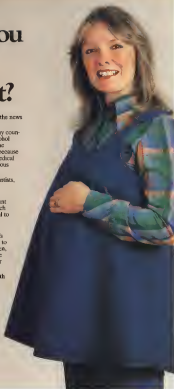
If you drink, it's more important than ever to be moderate. Too much beer, wine or spirits can be harmful to the child you're carrying—and not good for you, either.

Because you want to do what's best for both of you, you'd be wise to ask your doctor for guidelines. Then, of course, follow them—even if the decision is not to drink during your pregnancy.

After all, nothing is more worth celebrating than the birth of a healthy child.

Seagram

We believe in moderation and we've been saying so since 1934.



COVER

The return to yesteryear

Mimicking the styles from such recent hit films as *Chariots of Fire* and the *Brideshead* Revised television series, North American fashion designers are zealously reviving the '60s look with boyishly feminine dropped-terzo dresses, crinoid sweaters and bouffants. An unabashedly elegant era is being rediscovered on the streets of the '80s. —Page 30

Cover Photo: Top: Alan Miller/Blackstar; Styled by Jean-Denis



Looking to the world

Arguably Canada's best athlete, double jumper Doug Sison looks to the Commonwealth Games, the Olympics and beyond in a struggle of mind over muscle. —Page 49



A First Nations first

The World Assembly of First Nations managed to assemble 2,000 delegates from 54 countries in Regina last week. The message patience is wearing thin. —Page 14



Search for a settlement

While Israel wanted to meet the peace-loving West Bank, the Americans initiated some serious diplomatic moves with representatives of conservative Arab states. —Page 21



For the love of money

Director Randall Kessler has another pretty film that the critics are bound to hate. But the kids will love it, and the box office never lies. Right? —Page 47

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Milk. There's no drink like it.

You sip it.
 You gulp it if you're in a hurry.
 You don't have to chew, yet milk is
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 It goes with just about anything
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 A glass of milk looks honest.
 A glass of milk looks like it could
 do you some good.
 It makes you think of home.
 And people who like you.
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 right out of you.
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 fresh milk?
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How much protein is in milk?

Amounts shown for 250 ml (8.8 oz.) glass	PROTEIN (GRAMS)	CARBOHYDRATE (GRAMS)	FAT (GRAMS)
WHOLE MILK	8	12	8 (1/2 1%)
2% MILK	8	12	5 (2 1/4)
ORANGE JUICE FROM FROZEN CONCENTRATE (UNSWEETENED)	2	31	trace
CANNED APPLE JUICE (UNSWEETENED)	trace	33	trace
FLAVOUR CRYSTALS	trace	27	trace
COCA	trace	21	trace

SOURCE: "Nutrient Value of Some Common Foods," Health and Welfare Canada.

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Irreplaceable Milk.

A lifeline for a sinking ship

By Patrick L. McGeer

Alan MacLachlan's latest budget outlines our worst fears: Canada's economic performance is the worst of the major industrial nations, and Ottawa does not know how to lift us out of our depression. The federal government has driven investment dollars out of Canada and the crowd of its flag-waving accomplishment, to be widely by the predictable economic results. The federal deficit has soared from \$10.5 billion to \$19.6 billion in only seven months, and provincial deficits, estimated at an additional \$16 billion for the current year, must be added to the alarming national total. When will the federal government understand that punitive taxation against investment produces less revenue, not more?

Investment dollars are not ordinary dollars. They are super-dollars that power our economic future. The super-dollars who control them are Canadians as well as foreigners. Since Canadians own many times more capital in the United States than Americans own, per capita, in Canada, a major source of investment dollars could be the simple repatriation of Canadian capital. But why should that money come back when the investment climate is so hostile?

Canadian governments, because they borrow, understand that we must have higher interest rates than the United States to attract direct capital. So the Trudeau government and some provincial governments, especially Quebec's, do not understand that the same principle must apply to risk capital. When Canadian policy is wise, as it was in the St. Lawrence area, the flow of money to Canada, when it is scarce, as it was in the Humber-Chicago area, the flow is reversed, and our economy does worse. When Canadian policy is downright foolish—as it is today—the country courts disaster.

When will it be rediscovered in Ottawa that dollars, like dollars in a democracy, are born equal, but their contribution varies tremendously according to how they are employed? At the top of the economic hierarchy are dollars spent for research and development in science and technology. These high-risk dollars provide productive new industry, especially of the export variety which Canada so desperately needs. Next are dollars invested in primary production. These make possible the goods that we enjoy and provide the basis for dollars in the service

industries. The latter still have considerable, but the multiplier is considerably less. At the bottom are dollars spent providing government-sponsored social services, where the taxes required to generate the dollars inhibit activities higher in the economic order in a democratic society, of course, the currency of power is not dollars, but votes. And these programs that produce the greatest number of votes are usually in reverse order to their economic value. But the penalties associated with the narrow pursuit of votes have become too high.

Despite the current economic trainwreck, Canada is such a resilient country that I believe we can bring about a dramatic reversal in our economic fortunes with the introduction of a simple five-point program to restore investor confidence.

First, the introduction of extraordinary tax incentives for R & D, emphasizing high-technology industry and new

Those government programs that produce the most votes are usually in reverse order to their economic value

resource ventures, will direct risk capital into the ventures that will provide the greatest long-term economic multiplier for Canada. Our country has one of the lowest concentrations of any developed nation toward R & D expenditures, and the industrial level is even lower because a disproportionately large amount of this expenditure is in our university and government laboratories rather than in industry. Yet experience has proven that R & D money in high-technology industry provides remarkable employment growth—growth much more greater than in low-technology industry. Each year, Canada's trade deficit in high-technology fields escalates sharply, requiring the export of more and more low-technology resources. If it is possible to direct risk investment into multi-unit residential buildings, then surely it is possible to do the same for industrial R & D. Fields such as biotechnology, fibre-optic transmission, satellite technology, and so on, will grow several thousand-fold in the next decade or so. Canada cannot afford to continue to be on the outside.

Second, the scrapping of the National Energy Program (NEP), a program widely regarded as a total disaster. Since we have a deficiency of oil but a surplus of natural gas, it would be logical for us to end our dependence on oil by switching automobiles and other petroleum-consuming machines from oil to natural gas. Yet the NEP applies new taxes and royalties that will stifle the purchase of foreign oil. For example, more than \$7 billion was spent on foreign oil in 1981. Moreover, new exploration has dropped precipitously, and new development projects have been cancelled. Canada's energy security has diminished our stature as a viable country for investment in any area.

Third, the scrapping of, not rarely the tinkering with, the Foreign Investment Review Agency. This agency also has significant negative impact on our economy that will not be diminished by its streamlining. Investment dollars sky away from a hostile political climate. Canadians, who at one time might have reinvested their money in more productive Canadian enterprises, are moving their capital abroad.

Fourth, the elimination of the capital gains tax would increase the opportunity for investment profits and consequently provide encouragement for the repatriation of Canadian risk capital. Once investment capital starts to flow back into Canada, businesses will begin to flourish. They will have equity funds with which to operate rather than funds borrowed at bankruping interest rates. Reduced business activity will lower unemployment. The payments will decrease, so will the federal deficit, thus reducing inflationary pressure.

Finally, mortgage-interest deductibility, or perhaps even stronger financial incentives, must be provided—as a matter of the highest priority—to recover the capacity of the nation to build affordable homes. Residential construction is at its lowest ebb since the Great Depression, and much stronger measures than those proposed in the budget will be required to reinstate this vital domestic industry.

Mr. Wilfrid Laurier expressed the Canadian Dream when he said, "The 20th century belongs to Canada." Time is running out, but we please can still make that dream come true.

Patrick L. McGeer is the British Columbia minister of universities, science and communications.

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Still tall in the saddle and eager to ride

Premier Peter Lougheed of Alberta, along with the new other provincial premiers, met with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa following the tabling of the June 25 federal budget. Lougheed escaped from this meeting unscathed to accept the fact that there is a deep ideological rift between the federal government and the provinces. As former leader of a provincial election and, Minister of Agriculture, Lougheed's Gordian Knot interview followed his return to Alberta.

Maclean's: Do you believe that there is any economic crisis in Canada right now?

Lougheed: I think there's a crisis in confidence. Jobs are dependent on private-sector confidence, and that confidence isn't there. We have a federal government that is not disposed toward the private sector and wants to see more and more involvement of government in the marketplace, one that believes the approach should be by way of grants controlled by government discretion rather than tax incentives, and that wants to put an investment wall around Canada. In a nutshell, this has created a crisis of investor confidence by entrepreneurs both within Canada and worldwide.

Maclean's: What perspective do you offer to turn this country around?

Lougheed: The first and most important element is to have an environment in Canada that the problems are not going to be solved by government. They're going to be solved by the private-sector entrepreneur who believes that Canada is a good place to risk his money, to create jobs and to create opportunities. Second, that the parliamentary caucus of the governing party in Ottawa take control of the bureaucracy so that it doesn't continue to run the country. Third, that Ottawa make the necessary policy changes to convince investors in other parts of the country that investment is welcome here. Fourth, that we change our tax system to encourage the revenue—not a system of grants but a system of tax incentives. Fifth, that we try to change our tax system to encourage Canadians to place their savings in debt instruments but not in equities. And sixth, that we return to co-operative federalism, where the provinces and the federal government are working together—achieving a consen-

sus of national economic policy.

Maclean's: Do you think it is going to be necessary to have wholesale changes in the bureaucracy in Ottawa in order to change the direction of the country and the economy?

Lougheed: Yes, I think we have to have people in the federal bureaucracy who are better skilled and more aware of the realities of the marketplace. In that marketplace within Canada and in our external trade markets. The classic, of



Lougheed: "Our problems are not going to be solved by government."

course, in the area of energy, where there just is not an awareness of the marketplace and what's needed and of what creates an incentive for a person to invest and risk his money is different. Investors have a choice. They do not have to invest in job creation in Canada. They can take their risk money and invest in other parts of the world, particularly in the United States. We've had a flight of capital from Canada—almost \$1 billion in 1981 compared to less than \$1 billion in 1979.

Maclean's: Do you think the Canadian public appreciates the importance of the private-enterprise system?

Lougheed: No, and that, particularly

shows up when we chase the foreign investment issue and we hear the response from the prime minister that his polls show that Canadians support increased Canadian ownership of the oil and gas industry. The problem with this simplified position is that they're not asking the next question—"if we have to have a reduction in our standard of living to acquire that Canadian ownership, would you then favor it?" And then you get quite a different answer! In the same poll they should ask, "Are you aware that the provincial governments own the majority of the resources and, hence, adequately protect the Canadian sovereignty in the public interest?"

Maclean's: Do we have the British disease? What kinds of measures must be taken to revive productivity?

Lougheed: Oh yes. We've been moving toward it as the percentage of our gross

increase individual productivity. Union leaders in the United States have recognized that they're losing their own share of the capital market in such areas as universities and a number of others, and therefore are adjusting. We do not see that adjusting occurring in Canada yet. We are going to have to build on the strengths of our economy instead of denying up the weaknesses. The resource issue is obviously one of the keys. The increasing technological capacity that we've seen in the oil-and-gas-service industry is another.

Maclean's: Are you concerned about the level of the federal deficit?

Lougheed: We can't help but be concerned but we can't expect to turn it around in the space of a few short years. The deficit we have today is the result of decisions that were taken over two decades, in which the interest accepted, for example, the medicine and hospitalization systems which is one of the most expensive in the world. We just have to recognize that there is a limit to what our country can provide in terms of services without weakening the overall vitality of our economy.

Maclean's: How has the perspective developed in Alberta that you have not been as energetic as you might have been in the past few years?

Lougheed: I think it developed because we were so wrapped up in the energy and constitutional issues, and had to be, although they were not of our choosing in terms of the timetable. We did not have sufficient opportunity to move around the province, to communicate what we were doing and what our feelings were. This all occurred at the very same time that the Alberta economy, which had grown in a dramatic way, had a fairly dramatic decline, which, although we warned [that it was coming], we still are shocked to see citizens. I have always felt that we have been making mistakes and that the most important thing for a government is that if you have made a mistake in terms of policy, you admit you made it, that you be flexible and you listen to the people and respond. I believe that with a presence such as mine, which has enjoyed a level of prosperity and growth, it's just human nature that you are going to be upset with whatever government is near-at-hand, even if you are aware that the responsibilities are primarily with the federal government. You are going to be upset with your circumstances, and that has to reflect itself in a reaction toward the first government that comes to bat, particularly if that government has a Heritage Fund.

Maclean's: Do you think the creation of the Heritage Fund was a mistake, given the amount of harm detracted from your government's performance?

Lougheed: We recognized at the outset

that it would contain a major political risk, but we don't see how we had an alternative. We could not keep the oil in the ground and we did not want to spend the proceeds as we received them, so we had to set up a savings trust fund. I believe our mandate in 1975 and 1979 indicates that the people of Alberta agree with the concept, but we have not done a good job of communicating how we invested the fund and how this investment has been beneficial to our citizens. For example, we have not communicated even the simple fact that 70 per cent of the resource revenues is used in

our present provincial budget to provide for the demands and the needs of our citizens on a current basis for education, health, roads and other areas. **Maclean's:** You say that you're not interested in getting involved in federal politics. Would you reconsider if you were personally upset over a sense of duty?

Lougheed: No, I'm confident that with either Mr. Clark or with others who might seek the national Conservative leadership, there is a good chance of success, and I believe that we share a common philosophy. ☐

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A thirst for a truce in the 390-day war

By John Hogg

Now rancorous and weary, the first session of the 32nd Parliament will labor through its 390th sitting day this week—the longest session in Canadian history* and among the most productive. By last Friday the MPs and senators had passed 102 bills, picked over the bones of three budgets and—not least—sedulously debated, and finally approved, a new national Constitution. The record of Commons debates since the winter began after the 1983 election now fills more than 18,000 pages of Hansard. With facelace waving in ridings and with spirits scorched by division-belt boycotts and filibusters, there is a common belief that enough is enough.

Likewise generals discharging over three terms, the House leaders of all three parties have been busily negotiating a hasty needed summer recess. A big break came last week when Liberal Yvon Falardeau and Tory Erik Nielsen met a deal over key government budget bills. The legislation would have authorized the finance department to borrow up to \$11 billion (not fiscal year). Ministers admitted that they had pushed the borrowing authority without extra legislation for "conspicuousness"—a caution Joe Clark's Conservatives wanted removed. Ultimately, Falardeau agreed to trim the borrowing request back to \$7 billion in return for a Tory promise of quick passage of the other \$4 billion if it seemed later.

Harder to handle was the bill empowering the government to hammer public employees' wage increases down to six per cent this year and five per cent next year. Locked in committee last week, the bill was vigorously opposed by the New Democrats as an unfair article against the some 500,000 employees of the federal government and Crown corporations. Some Liberals



Prime minister making a deal to end a 390-day session

and Conservatives opposed strongly that it would discriminate against private, particularly among others—who do precisely the same work (for the C.N.R., for instance) as those in private sector companies (such as C.P. Rail) unaffected by the measure. Former labor minister Bryan Mahoney suggested that the six per cent rule should be imposed on all workers who are subject to the Canadian Labor Code, including those in airlines, banks and Bell Canada. It was a notion rebuffed by Canadian Pacific Chairman Ian Stirling, who said that the mandatory pay scales might have to be applied to private sector firms that compete with Crown corporations.

If Stirling's corporate counterparts were pleased by the prospect of government-constructed wage bills, they seemed less keen on suppressing price rises to six and five per cent over the next two years. As Canada Economic Vice-President Pierre Jeannot told The Canadian Press that it is "unlike" that the strike would be settled with six per

cent this year because of rising costs (though he added a day later that it has "no intention of undermining" government policy). Bill Canada is offering with its application for government approval of increases of 50 per cent for residential service and 30 per cent for business services. For his part, Labor Minister Jeanne McDermott vowed to fight the wage curbs. After a three-hour confrontation with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and seven cabinet ministers, McDermott declared "We gave them a pretty emphatic No."

Moving quickly to shore up its defenses of a six per cent money, the cabinet set up a special six-minister committee to oversee application of what it calls its pay restraint policy. Heading the committee is Treasury Board President Don Johnston, who confirmed that the policy applies to all groups under federal jurisdiction—those exempted by government agencies and corporations as well as those regulated by federal tribunals. Exempted are airport prices and the oil and gas tolls set by federal-provincial agreement. Breaches of the price code would have to be specifically permitted by cabinet, Johnston said. He also stepped back because normally available to senior public servants, they too will be held to six and five per cent.

Avoid all that tight-budget activity, MPs were happy to contemplate a summer away from Ottawa. Tory backbenchers leave the capital loading in the least. Going off and comforted by Clark's assurance that "no one, absolutely no one, trusts the government." Among Liberals there is a strong wish for a fresh session next fall, starting with a three-week period to breathe new life into the party and new life into the Commons. Meanwhile, they can pin on taking as useful from their constituents or—like Falardeau—returning to a cottage, without a phone ☐

Catch the bus and rock the boat

With the future of the domestic aircraft business at stake, the government last week finally served itself to take a first step toward joining the European consortium Airbus Industrie. Minister Herb Gray announced only that the talks have begun with Airbus to discover whether Canada should take part in developing a new-generation airliner, the A-320. Airbus, controlled by French, German, British and Spanish partners, already has a success in the wide body A-300, and the smaller A-310 is now in production. It has lately been courting new partners to help pay the A-320 development costs, which could run as high as \$3 billion. A single-seater two-engine plane, the 150-seat A-320 is planned to replace such small jets as the DC-8. (The announcement imposes no obligation on Air Canada, which has yet to pick a replacement for its DC-8 fleet.)

Canadian officials said that Ottawa was considering taking up to 10 per cent of the A-320 aircraft—which would be a hefty \$80-million investment. But Gray declared that one of the conditions is a complete recovery of government costs. He also wants to be sure the A-320 will fly in the treacherous international airline market and is looking for maximum production and employment in Canada. Officials say up to 2,000 jobs would be created in a domestic update; time, new employs about 43,000, mostly in Quebec and Ontario.

These early talks with Airbus are expected to last until next year. But the cabinet has hesitated even to meet this far—with reasons. Airbus, joining the A-320 venture, would enhance relations with Europe—a foreign policy aim for the past 18 years. It would quite likely allow a U.S. accommodation already announced with Canadian economic policies. Washington would be especially unhappy if an Airbus deal means dropping old Canadian business with the U.S. builder Boeing. That firm's Winnipeg-based workforce has suffered more than 250 layoffs over the past eight months because of declining sales, and no models are expected until late this year or early next.

The world airliner market, moreover, appears to be polarizing into a two-way fight between giant Boeing and upstart Airbus to sell the next generation of commercial jets (Airbus with three per cent of the world's passenger-aircraft market in 1977, is now said to control 42 per cent.) It is the race to come, so Canadian government will want to put all its money on the horse that comes second.

—JOHN HOGG in Ottawa

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A first for First Nations

By Dale Eisher

It was eight days marked by diverse, even confusing, signals. When delegates to the World Assembly of First Nations (WAFN) in Regina last week were not trading accounts of economic and social oppression, they were lining up to see the glamorous floor-length kilimiths of international award-winning Indian dancer Tim Sklyan from Fort Resolution, N.W.T. While 45 screened supporters of the militant American Indian Movement trailed 200 km from Saskatchewan to a symbolic March for Survival, others stressed to a minute to try their luck at the blackjack table. What was billed as the world's largest gathering of indigenous people managed to attract 3,000 delegates from 50 countries as scattered as Denmark, Brazil and New Zealand. But although the sprawling, ambitious affair, encompassing everything from business and political seminars to pow-wows, rodeos and an all-Indian trade show, was plagued by late starts, last-minute cancellations of speakers and a shortage of interpreters, its impact seemed reasonably intact.

Suffering from an agenda that tried to offer something for everyone, WAFN still managed to emerge as the first truly global event where indigenous people of the world are marshalling their numbers to become a force of the future. Chairman Sol Anderson, chief of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians, who worked for two years to make the event possible, declared, "We have launched the cause of aboriginal people into an international arena." The lift-off was being recorded by 340 members of the media from Canada, the United States, France, Spain, Norway, Bolivia and Australia.

When the language barrier and diffuse cultures that come with a gathering of worldwide aboriginal people are considered, it is no simple task to find the common thread that binds. But by the final days it had become only too evident, the pulchritude of indigenous people everywhere is weaving this. The most ardent welcome was extended by David Ahnaukwe, the respected national chief of the Assembly of First Nations in Canada. Considered a moderate voice for years, Ahnaukwe did not disguise his anger when he put white society on na-

tive. "If this is a democracy, then surely to God there are decent and honest people who care about the first peoples of this country," Ahnaukwe said. "If not, then all we're looking at is revolution, or some very frustrated federalism. We don't want to see any violence, but it won't be long. It's only through the leadership of native leaders that there hasn't been violence so far."

Reduced to its basics, the assembly allowed aboriginal people to discover that, while their culture and customs may differ, their problems are not bound by international borders. One of those to realize that common bonds can stretch halfway around the globe was Rob Blais. An Australian aborigine from Coobee, Blais said that he must expect a line of culture shock but, instead, found issues facing Canadian natives were the same as those he lives with at home. "I have made many friends in only a few days," said Blais, expertly weaving the names and addresses he had written down. "In Australia, we fight for land claims, just as the Indians do here. The social objectives they have for better health services and the right to self-determination are the same as ours."

As aboriginals in their own country in most cases, not needing themselves 200 million worldwide, native people see their quest for self-determination as requiring creation of an international political body. The first bailing steps in that direction were taken in 1975 with the founding of the World Council for Indigenous People. The next phase flowed out of the Regina assembly when delegates agreed to meet every four



George Tachewaschuk's Blackjack

years under the title of the World Forum for Indigenous People. The decision to scrap the WAFN format painstakingly pieced together by Saskatchewan and others in the Saskatchewan Federation amounted to a minor slip in the face for organizers of the \$1.6-million event. With Canada on the verge of reopening constitutional negotiations on the question of native rights, Sanderson had hoped to become a control figure in the international movement by turning WAFN into a regular world forum.

Whatever form future conferences take, the hurdles facing indigenous people in Canada and elsewhere are staggering. In Canada, native people have an unemployment rate seven times the national average, their life expectancy is 10 years below that of whites, they are three times more likely to die a violent death, alcoholism is at epidemic proportions. In Central America, indigenous people are peasants taught in the cross fire of revolution, and few of the handful who attended the assembly would speak publicly for fear of reprisals when they returned home.



Some dangers of poverty, global problems and sage advice from the Elders

As violence—everywhere—of colonization, their political future is rooted in self-determination, an open-ended proposition that is the cornerstone of an International Covenant on the Rights of Indigenous People, that was approved by the assembly. The long-range aim is to have the covenant—which defines self-determination in terms of civil, political, economic and cultural rights—ratified by the United Nations. This possibility is, at best, years away, but it continues to give rise to native people's demands for their rights, says Rudy Rysse of the National Congress of American Indians, "the foremost and the most likely to go to continue indigenous people are on the move all over the world."

If the assembly were a staging event for a great leap forward, there could not have been a grimmer backdrop. On the day after the assembly began, Regina city council passed an authorization bylaw to deal with a growing number of protesters actively plying their trade on downtown streets—a problem almost entirely associated with young native women victimized by their society and locked into a gross cycle of poverty and drug dependency. The city's estimated 38,000 natives (total population

only 150,000), most living in dingy homes and neighborhoods, brought the work of WAFN into sharp focus as delegates exchanged ideas on what could be done to build an entrepreneurial class of native people to use the true economic system to their own benefit and break dependency on government assistance. "Government people have had their hands on native people for too long. We want to manage our own resources," declared Tagak Curley, president of the Inuit Development Corp., at Rankin Inlet in the Northwest Territories. But the concrete answers all seemed irretrievably linked to indigenous people acquiring a land base.

On a propaganda mission of sorts was Indian Affairs Minister John Munro, who explained the Canadian government's North-South policy and used the gathering as a forum to restate Ottawa's intention to deal with Indian land entitlements as quickly as possible. Munro pointed to Saskatchewan as a model of what can be done and insisted that the federal government is committed to the Saskatchewan formula, which uses 1978 treaty land population figures multiplied by the historic 128 acres per person set out in early treaties to arrive at an entitlement. Figure 20,000,

who called the assembly an "organizational wonder," said he was so impressed by the showing of indigenous people's strength that he would recommend a special section dealing with the affairs of indigenous people be established in the department of external affairs. But, despite his praise for the gathering, Munro did not promise more than the \$150,000 grant to the assembly already approved.

To what degree indigenous people trust the governments of say land as mechanisms to overcome their problems seemed much in question. Nor was there evidence of any greater faith placed in the United Nations as a tool to protect aboriginal rights worldwide. More important far José de la Cruz, president of the National Congress of American Indians, was that the gathering of indigenous people had served to an ideology of self-determination. "I don't give a damn about the UN right now," argued de la Cruz. "It is critical we agree to our own movement and turn our attention to the immediate implementation of the covenant's principles [in our own countries]." That was one thing the assembly achieved, along with the formation of a North American council within the World Council of Indigenous Peoples. A body that will, in

political clout is the similar interests of all North American Indians.

But such euphoric indigenous development was clearly foreign to members of the Elders, who held a simultaneous conference in a remote corner of the town. Kinowask, 80, of 30 km north of Regina, offering sage advice to those who approached him with the proper offering of a yard of white cloth, a yard of yellow cloth and a pouch of tobacco, Dan Desposque, 70, said that when he was young he lived in a temperate winter and summer. "It was better then," he said softly. "Life was simple. I do not blame the white man for the problems we face today. That is why I talk to them about my way of life, so they can learn. It is good when people learn to learn."

It was a different perspective that Ojapewas offered on the problems facing indigenous people everywhere. But, if anything, the World Assembly of First Nations pointed to the fact that the world has gone wrong and probably never will. And that in seeking new ways they are saying, in the words of José Marinko, president of the World Council of Indigenous People, "We are people who no longer can be ignored." ☐



Anderson (far), Marinko, launching the cause

A sudden shock at city hall

Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau's political career may have ended last week in the same secretive style that has characterized it for almost three decades. Drapeau was admitted to hospital as Thursday, July 25, but it was not until the following Monday that city hall put an end to rumors of a heart attack with the terse announcement that the mayor had suffered "a mild stroke."

Drapeau's possible successor as leader of the Civic Party, Recreation Commission Chairman Yves Lacoste, said, "The mayor can talk, write and read." But 66-year-old Drapeau was not working. For only the second time in his 25 years as mayor—and the second time this year—someone else was making the decisions at city hall. Drapeau has repeatedly been suffering diary spells for a year, in February he fell and injured his hip. With elections due Nov. 14 and with doctors claiming that the mayor faces weeks of physiotherapy for his partial paralysis, it looked as though illness would finally defeat the man whom no opponent had been able to topple in six consecutive elections.

First elected in 1954, Drapeau lost in 1968 to Sergio Marchais but regained power in 1980 and has kept it ever since. His authoritarian rule has manifested itself most clearly in massive movements of everything from the Metro and the man-made islands for Expo 67 to the still unfinished sets of the Olympic Games. He is also noted for an extraordinary disregard for civil and public accountability to Montreal's citizens of more than 91 billion still makes of the tab for the 1976 \$1.6-billion Olympic Games. A 1980 Quebec government inquiry report into Olympic

public hearing on anything, ever increasing taxes and the Olympic scandal to make this a tough election year for Drapeau and the Civic Party. Knowing Drapeau's charm with voters, however, their most optimistic hope was to win a majority at council seats, leaving Drapeau as mayor without a majority. Given his stroke, the end of the Drapeau



Drapeau and wife, Marie-Claire, did opponent never did it

ere seemed possible. But, typically, Drapeau's opponents were unable to bury their differences in order to capitalize on the sudden turn of events.

After the 1976 election, Montreal city council consisted of the mayor, 52 Civic Party councillors and two opposition councillors. Michael Parent of the Montreal Citizens Movement (MCM) and Nick Auf der Maer of the Municipal Action Group (MAG) Lacoste has neither Drapeau's charisma nor the popularity to rally votes, but his larger problem is

"There independent councillors joined last week when Pierre-Louis Tremblay was named to the city

that he has no real political party to back him. The Civic Party consists only of men and women that Drapeau hand-picks to run under his patronage. Parent says "They are all his loyal servants. The Civic Party is like the Union Nationale in the '30s and '40s [when Premier Maurice Duplessis ran it]. It's a party of one person." It is not at all certain that Lacoste can hold these people under his wing.

But the opposition is disorganized as well. In 1971 the now-elected 18 councillors, but by 1975 internal wrangling had split the party. Auf der Maer, a popular radio personality, newspaper columnist and anti-abortionist, broke such rules by deserting municipal politics for the provincial scene in 1976. Unsuccessful in his bid, he was expelled from the MCM, set up the MAG and has been running a grassroots since. In 1978 the MCM and MAG split the opposition vote, winning 44 per cent of the ballots cast but losing 16 seats in the process.

The MCM is a disciplined left-wing political party, the MAG is held together by Auf der Maer's personality. The MAG and the MAG planned to run a common mayoralty candidate this year and had to agree to divide the 54 electoral ridings. But negotiations broke down about the same time that Drapeau became ill. Auf der Maer loudly proclaims that the MCM is made up of "Migraute cranks," and says he will not "gesture" himself by associating with them. But charges that Auf der Maer is just seeking gain credibility when he admits in the same breath that he, too, has Parti Québécois supporters—"They're good F-Republicans"—and when, minutes after scolding Parent of being a member of the Communism party, he describes with relief his own first visit to a CP meeting. "They were called elite," says Parent. (Parent says he has been a member of the NDP for 25 years.)

MCM critics denounce that as mayoralty candidates must not be closely associated with another established political party, leaving it with the choice of running either a relative unknown or Parent himself. For his part, Auf der Maer is not denying that he wants to be the MAG's mayoralty candidate. Civic Party members are keeping mum, keeping—no fear—that Drapeau will rise from his hospital bed to gorge his encouragement of potential opponents. The only certainty was that Montreal municipal politics would be so murky and crisscrossed as ever when the election campaign begins. —ANNE BLAIR in Montreal



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After the mutiny at Tent City

A labor dispute with a difference was waged, passively last week with the staffs of a Vancouver courtroom usually reserved for investigation hearings. The employer, the Canadian penitentiary system, saw the issue as one of insubordination while 33 guards, who were given two- and three-day suspensions

stake—to cover the floor of a pickup truck, so the guards have had to expect when they cowed against the prisoners' temporary homes. This time though, it was the prison management that was surprised, caught in the middle between guards and inmates.

The prisoners said that they were tired of being herded like cattle into



Roof-tops of Tent City prison (Tent City beyond) and a bombardment of racks.

for releasing to search an area at Matsqui medium security prison last summer, preferred to talk about safety. The two-day hearing clearly showed the divisions that still linger after the most expensive prison riot in British Columbia's history: a day and a night of burning and looting in June 1981, that wrecked most of the cell block occupied by 279 prisoners in the Fraser Valley prison, costing \$15 million worth of damage. Two months later, with the cell block a burned-out shell, 171 of the prisoners still being held at Matsqui were living in tents on a compound ringed by a razor-tipped wire fence and armed guards, a semiautonomous area guarded enter at night when the home-wide alcohol and grade weapons were pulled from their hiding places.

The prison administration tried to control this making of weapons and have been through full-scale searches of Tent City. After several prisoners were seen frantically searching through rows of crates, some of the said to be fishing knives, a full-scale search was laid on for Aug. 7. An earlier search had turned up enough booze and weapons—knives and spurs made from the steel test pipe that had been issued to the prisoners, plus shotguns and

another compound while their tents were being searched. Besides, since prisoners were first kept searched, they allowed to return to the tents in small groups, those checked first noted the divisions in running through the deserted Tent City and steel cigarettes and other personal possessions. Thus the inmates did not want to leave the compound—and the guards did not want to go in as long as the prisoners remained. They were upset when Warden Dev Dhillon not only agreed that the prisoners could stay but ordered his men to lay down their helmets, clubs and shields and search the 52 tents without protective gear. The guards daily refused to climb a short, steep hill and enter the compound. "I warned them at the time that what they were doing was serious," last week's hearing was told by Mike Michaluk, a 30-year prison veteran who was as acting assistant warden last August. "They said it was too dangerous, but I didn't feel it was any danger." Instead of the 38-man force he had planned to use, Michaluk had to conduct the search with 14 supervisors, turning up the usual large supplies of alcohol and weapons in a 2½-hour sweep that produced no treasure among the inmates.

The hearing, conducted by University of Saskatchewan law professor Ken Norman, will decide whether the guards do have a legitimate grievance when it resumes this fall. Their refusal to enter the tent compound grew out of events that followed the riot. Several inmates were beaten after nightfall as the guards' control slipped to the perimeter around the tents, and one was beaten to death by his fellow inmates—probably with one of the hammers (used as the inmates could pour in their tent pens).

As the sordid summer wore on—it rained steadily for weeks on end—the prisoners used the hammers, axes and wood that they had been given to improve their new homes. Despite the weather some of them added sun decks to the canvas and wooden shelters, and there was even a temporary sauna built among the rows of tents. At night, though, an unauthorized addition to the equipment of Tent City was reportedly assembled—a wooden ramp that was used to bombard guards on the perimeter with rocks. Three-hour rock barrages, hitting buildings and bouncing off their shoulders, did not improve the temper of staff already working under difficult circumstances. They already believed that if prison management had not refused to let them see tent guards in the rioting prisoners, the original spring could have been ended within the first 30 minutes.

It is a quasi-military institution such as the prison system, the small meeting place at the foot of Tent City is taken much more seriously than an office worker's refusal to get his boss coffee. The guards, though, believe that they do not give up all control over their safety in return for their wages (around \$10,000 a year) and now demand the grievance through the multiple layers of the penitentiary service to this public hearing. Their courage is not in question because during the June upheaval several of the men inter suspended had claimed clerical positions out of the prison hospital. They are now charged with cowardice," said Harvey Newman, a federal department of justice lawyer acting for prison management. "They have always performed their jobs satisfactorily—except for Aug. 7."

Matsqui prison is calm—on the surface—these days and Tent City is no more. Much of it went up in smoke last October, torched by the inmates in a final symbolic act of defiance as they moved back into their rebuilt cells. The events of June and August 1981, have been forgotten, it thought, by the guards above that tension still exists between the staff and the management, which is supposedly running the institution—tension that must surely affect inmates too.

—MARGARET GRAY in Vancouver

Washington's search for a settlement



Syrian Foreign Minister Khaddam (left), Shukri, Prince Fahd. The Americans have less leverage with the Israelis than Arabs think.

By Michael Posner

Like players in some vast, multilateral chess game, the key figures in the Lebanese crisis last week were engaged in a series of elaborate feints and shifts. Clearly impatient with the slow pace of diplomacy, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin declared that the Palestinian Liberation Organization had less than 30 days to quit West Beirut before presumably Defense Minister Ariel Sharon's forces entered there. To underline his point, Israeli warplanes bombed the Lebanese capital's Muslim section and Syrian positions in the Bekaa Valley, citing an unspecified violation which left five Israelis dead.

Battered down in West Beirut,PLO chieftain Yasser Arafat released more veiled hints of Iraq's long-withheld willingness to recognize Israel—signals staged as much at winning Washington's recognition as at Jerusalem's. But Arafat's recognition card was strictly conditional, not only on simultaneous acceptance by Israel and the United States but an acknowledgment to United Nations Resolution 242 that would guarantee Palestinian statehood. Even then, as Camp David architect William

Quandt, now with the Brookings Institution, told *Mashreq* last week—Arafat was only showing the card—it still awaits final tabling.

For its part, the Reagan administration—still adjusting to George Shultz's arrival at the state department—was desperately trying to juggle diversas, and perhaps conflicting, interests. It seemed to imply enough diplomatic progress to forestall an Israeli assault on

Beirut, requested daily that the United States could not contemplate direct negotiations.

Nevertheless, Washington's search for a political settlement in Lebanon was only eased with the co-operation of conservative Arab states. In return for it, the Saudis and the Egyptians are clearly looking for delivery of what Shultz called a solution to the Palestinian problem "in all its aspects." They liked Shultz's intimacy before the Senate, said Quandt. "But they're not convinced."

One central difficulty is that the United States has less leverage on the Syrian government than most Arab states believe. The \$1.8 billion in military aid that Washington gives annually to Israel effectively stays in the United States as payment for arms already delivered as part of Henry Kissinger's 1975 Sino-Syrian agreement. As for economic aid, the current total—\$415 million—is roughly equal to interest on Israeli debts. If the adverse balance with Israel, Jerusalem would doubtless suspect interest payments. At stake is the future arms deliveries, cautious Joseph Chertok, president of the Center for International Security and a former administration official,

The Syrians reiterated their demand that an Israeli withdrawal precede resolution of the Palestinian issue

West Beirut, where some 6,000 Palestinians and an estimated 480,000 Lebanese still reside. At the same time, it wanted to reassure the increasingly alarmed Israelis that there had been no change in Washington's long-standing position on the PLO. Until the PLO "clearly and unequivocally" renounced Israel and embraced UN Resolutions 242 and 238, the state department spokesman, Dean

would be "politically profitable" in the United States. And Israel would be tempted to make a pre-emptive strike before its advances could assimilate their own weapons deliveries.

Last week, however, the administration also seemed to lack leverage on the Arabs. The Syrian and Saudi foreign ministers spent two days in Washington, after which a senior state department official noted cryptically that "new ideas" added "a new element of possible movement in the right direction in the case of Syria." But the multi-week optimism faded quickly. The new ideas were apparently based on moving the PLO from West Beirut to an interim staging area in northern Lebanon, pending dispersal to several Arab countries, including Iraq and Algeria. But neither Israel nor Syria—still the proposed destination for most of the 6,000 Palestinians—was impressed. Indeed, when special presidential envoy Philip Habib met with Syrian President Hafez al-Assad in Damascus, the Syrian reiterated their demand that an Israeli withdrawal from Lebanese grounds was a precondition of the Palestinian cause. At week's end, Habib was en route to Riyadh for talks with the Saudis, but few observers found the diplomatic forecast promising.

A complicating factor was the ongoing fight within the Reagan administration



Attack on West Beirut: pressure to evict

on just how to proceed. The pro-Arab faction—including Shultz, Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger and National Security Adviser William Clark—believed that U.S. security interests are best served by dealing friendly with the Palestinian cause. This approach, it is argued, would defuse the time bomb of Lebanese fanaticism and permit Arab regimes to move closer to the West. The contrary view, expressed by US Ambassador

Jonas Kolpak and some lesser state department and Pentagon officials, is that to appease pro-Arab radicals like the PLO not only is inconsistent with Ronald Reagan's instincts but would undermine U.S. diplomacy around the globe.

The better view is that Habib and the Americans have perhaps three weeks to arrange a settlement. After that, the Reagan government will be under severe domestic pressure to demonstrate that 300 Israelis have not died in vain, it will also be able to claim that it gave Washington every opportunity to find a solution. At week's end, Shultz was lodging in California, with Henry Kissinger, noted referring remarks that the former secretary of state might himself be asked to launch another round of shuttle diplomacy. But Kissinger's great success in the region came in 1974 with Israel militarily weakened and in need of U.S. support. Washington's strongest card now is international public opinion, but that has seldom stood in the way of Israel's perceived self-interests.

Shultz was blantly, "I don't see it coming together." Charles, fearful of a rebuff of Israel, says glumly, "I don't think U.S. diplomacy will end up with anything." But then, such games were never designed for results. With Jonas Wright in Beirut.



Dead horses after #14 bomb blast in Hyde Park: the double-decker was a calculated strike at London's military ceremonial

BRITAIN

A midsummer nightmare

It was a week that began in black comedy, as Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Tory government struggled with the aftermath of a series of security scandals. But if turned into deepest tragedy as Provisional IRA bombers struck twice in so many hours in the heart of tourist-crowded London. The bloody massacre, as remote-controlled bombs blew up a ceremonial troop of Household Cavalry in Hyde Park and a handcart in Kensington Park, was the worst since two Birmingham pubs were blown up in 1964. Twenty-one people died on that occasion. This time the toll was 18 soldiers killed and 58 people injured, including women and schoolchildren. Seven cavalry horses also perished. As tv newscaster Alastair Burnet remarked wistfully, an old war had begun again.

Police had been half-expecting a renewal of paintball bombing and had warned public figures to be on their guard, but the double atrocity was a calculated strike at the heart of London's military ceremonial—a popular tourist attraction. The clockwork precision of the cavalry's route from Knightsbridge barracks along Hyde Park's South Curriage Drive enabled the bombers to time their blast for maximum effect. Police believe that the bomb—up to 4½ kg of explosive wrapped round with 10- and 15-cm nails and concealed in a parked bus Morn Marina—was detonated by someone watching from a vantage point, possibly a fifth-floor room at the luxurious Berkeley Hotel overlooking the park.

The explosion occurred just as the 14th Hussars troop headed by Lt Col Anthony Daly, 28, came alongside the car. It sang man and horses into the air amid a rain of blood, nails and pieces of shrapnel. Daly, who had just returned from his honeymoon, was one of three soldiers killed. Just over two hours later, and 2½ km to the north, the 35 members of the Royal Green Jackets band had finished playing a selection from the national anthem to a crowd of about 300, a party of handbagged children among them. Bandmaster David Little turned to acknowledge the applause. Then the handcart—watched constantly that morning for bombs—blew up. Said a prisoner, Violet Benjamin: "There were bodies and limbs thrown into the audience. Little children were covered with the blood of soldiers. It was a nightmare." As the wounded and dying were rushed to hospitals, striding Health Service workers on pocket dial dropped their bunnies and ran to help. Scotland Yard's subterranean squad immediately mounted a nationwide hunt for pot ports and airports on special alert.

Police later built up a picture of the gang, believed to include a blond woman, and vividly searched all 300,000 lovelock garages in London for explosive traces. Meanwhile, in a shocked House of Commons, Thatcher denounced the bombings as "relicious and cowardly crimes." Opposition Leader Michael Foot said no political question could be settled by such "pitiless barbarity." In Dublin, Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey said those responsible did "irreparable harm to the good name of Ireland and the cause of Irish unity," and the Irish Press editorialized "The bar-

baric carnage abhors us all." The Provisionals, with appalling results, justified the massacre with Article 55 of the United Nations Charter—invoked by Britain in sending a task force to retake the Falklands—and mockingly turned to their own use "all Thatcher's live phrases as the right to self-determination of a people."

The tragedy was not allowed to disrupt London's summer ceremonial life. In the week, another cavalry troop rode along the same route, carrying the blood-spattered and torn regimental colors. But, for the government, there was no respite—only continuing embarrasment over the intruder in the Queen's bedroom and the subsequent resignation of the Queen's personal bodyguard, Cmdr Michael Trotter, 51, after Commissioner David Meier confronted him with evidence of a 15-year homosexual relationship with a male prostitute.

Home Secretary William Whitelaw, outstepping demands for his own resignation, moved swiftly to shake up what he called "slackness and weakness" in the police policing. Two senior officers resigned, a new security group was appointed and Sgt Christopher Hagan, 37, became the Queen's new bodyguard. To M.P. dissatisfaction, Thatcher refused to be drawn on the other major security scandal involving leaks at the tap-room electronic warfare centre at Cheltenham (Monday's July 26). But amid all the unanswered questions, one was decisively settled: Thatcher told her backbenchers that she wants another full year to push through legislation and combat inflation, killing speculation about a snap election in the aftermath of the Falklands victory. That glow, however, seemed very remote last week.

—CAROL KROENKE in London.

Heroes in a besieged city

Thousands around may be the small, unassuming on your lips in Lebanon, but in the eyes of the foreign community, the PLO and many of its men, he is also the bravest. Canada's Armed in the only Western army to have remained in the Modern-day invasion of Lebanon. In doing so, he has defied not only the U.S. pressure on all allies to move to the safer, Christian-controlled East—where the Israelis also have their headquarters—

personally helped survey the damage in order to help Ottawa gauge how much relief is needed. During the sporadic ceasefire, again against the wishes of embarrassed U.S. officials, Aronoff travelled to Israeli-occupied territory and assisted foreigners denied permission to leave by the Israeli forces. Whenever Aronoff travels through the area, now referred to as Beirut on the North Bank of the Litani River, he specifically looks for trapped foreigners and reports back to the appropriate embassies, whose staffs are less willing to venture out. He is also one of the very few to tour the Palestinian camps near under occupation, the sites most detested by Israeli attacks.

But Ambassador Aronoff is only one of the many heroes of West Beirut, a handful of people who have made survival possible for the half-million souls living under the shadow of Israeli guns in the 16-square-mile redoubt. Another is Claire Cou-

stain, a 26-year-old French nurse, pathfinder for a team from Médecins Sans Frontières, an apolitical organization that "rescues" into crisis areas.

Constant was responsible for two others, for setting up a frontline operating theatre in a converted garage. She also organized a short-lived fudge in the bombed-out section of Sidon before being "killed" to save by Israeli officials. West Beirut is not the first war Constant has known: a minor fist burn in France because of three girls in Afghanistan.

There has been a host of other heroes, from the ambulance drivers and many volunteers, who hail off the wounded in the night, to the five young men, boy and girl scouts—all between 16 and 22 years old—who administer life for more than 500 refugees at the converted Lebanese television station school for boys and volunteers for the short-staffed local civil defence unit. Each refused to give a name because, as the eldest girl explained, "not contributing to a battle."

—RASH WILSON in Beirut.

Around hemisphere





When Andrzej Bielecki's interim term expires, a division of prisoners released

POLAND

The echo of empty promises

The cure for martial law, runs the current wisdom in Warsaw, is just to ignore it. That, in part, explains the pragmatic response of the Poles to last week's announcement by military leader Wojciech Jaruzelski that 1,227 martial-law detainees would be released. Jaruzelski also dashed the prospect of a complete lifting of military rule by the end of this year, but dashed hopes of a visit by Pope John Paul II this August to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Poland's infant spring, the Black Madonna of Częstochowa.

A second reason for the popular apathy was that, to the average Pole, Jaruzelski had nothing new or especially significant to say. Poles have turned a cynical eye toward the military government's promises ever since the last June elections were to be granted their freedom. Of more than 1,000 prisoners promised their release last May, only 271 actually saw the outside world, leaving between 4,000 and 4,500 comrades behind. There was justification for cynicism: again this time Jaruzelski's pledge that all female detainees would be freed sounded good. But, in fact, most women had already been released.

Jaruzelski's announcement came in a 44-minute speech (one of his briefest ever) to the Polish parliament on the eve of Polish National Day, a commemoration of the 1944 Communist takeover and the adoption of the Polish constitution in 1959. On Thursday, at the stroke of noon, the gates of several internment camps swung open and a trickle of prisoners fell to their knees and kissed the earth, repeating John Paul's traditional

gesture on arriving in a new country. But Lech Wałęsa and other leaders of the independent trade union Solidarity were not among them, dashing many hopes.

Some of the resulting frustration was visible in Warsaw on National Day. About 1,000 demonstrators gathered in Victory Square to sing hymns and lay flowers on the spot where a memorial to the late Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński has been proposed. Respects were paid to the Pope and Polish religious leaders and to nine miners killed in a police raid on the Wujek coal mine last year during the protests that followed imposition of martial law. Wałęsa, too, was remembered.

Otherwise there was little, except for official ceremonies, to set the day apart from any others. Poles remember last winter's hardships and anticipate that next winter will be even harder. Small wonder, therefore, that many continue to vote with their feet. Since the imposition of martial law, 150,000 have fled or demand it when not to return, including three anti-aircraft, several shipyard and sailors and an under-estimated number of soccer "fans" who sought visas to cheer on their country during the World Cup last September never made it to Spain. Last week four people died in a government helicopter crash near to Antona. For those who remained, following Jaruzelski's disappointing news nothing was left but to give the now characteristic shoulder shrug and acknowledge the fact that their staying nation would have to suffer a while longer.

—BOB MASTERMAN in Warsaw

HAITI

End of the line for fiscal reform

On the surface there was little to suggest political turmoil in Port-au-Prince. Up in the cool suburbs of Petionville, rich Haitians followed their indolent routine, drinking imported French wines in expensive restaurants and setting off to work in limousines. Down in the city slums, where 75 per cent of the capital's population lives, people struggled through stifling heat, the stench of garbage and another day without water. Yet beneath the surface the government of President-Lafite Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier was reeling last week from the president's 8th cabinet shuffle in less than three years.

The most notable casualty was Marc Banno, Duvalier's finance minister and a respected former World Bank trouble-shooter. His ouster was a conspicuous response to foreign-aid donors, who set

Baby Doc Duvalier confronting



his appointment as a precondition for more than \$100 million in aid this year. Since 1973 Western nations have given the Haïtian government \$650 million to tackle the awesome development challenges of the poorest nation in the hemisphere, a horrendous infant mortality rate, widespread illiteracy and an average yearly income of \$180. More than \$30 million has been absorbed by the Reagan administration, partly in an effort to stem the flood of Haitian refugees walking up an U.S. shore and partly to prop up Duvalier's anti-Communist regime.

But most of the money has been siphoned off in a variety of ingenious, but fraudulent, ways. Before Banno introduced proper bookkeeping, up to \$10 million a month was diverted for "extraordinary expenses"—including Duvalier's own Swiss bank accounts. When the International Monetary Fund (IMF) voted Haïti \$29 million in standby credit last December, \$6 million disappeared. The minister of sports can allocate \$2 million for a sports complex that cost \$200,000, while many of the government's 30,000 employees collected at least two salaries plus kickbacks.

Foreign donors reacted sharply to such abuse. The Canadian International Development Agency abruptly closed an ambitious \$6-million rural development program last January. After it learned that half the 700 paid employees did no work. The United States and West Germany also froze aid allotments, though some non-governmental agencies have continued their work. After Banno's appointment on April 1, it seemed that matters might improve. But, our public-speaking targets, by slashing payrolls. But as he edged closer to Duvalier's bank accounts, and those of the president's father-in-law, Ernest Renard, Haïti's coffee economist, his fate was sealed.

Parallel with its reversal in economic reforms, the Duvalier government may also be preparing to renew political repression. In April Duvalier promised local elections for 1983 and the creation of a human rights commission as well as pledging to open talks with Human Rights in the United States. More recently the Haïtian high court ordered a retrial for Sylvio Claude, head of the opposition Christian Democratic Party, sentenced to 15 years' hard labor after a 1980 political crackdown.

But last week diplomatic success and the reform had been postponed. Now observers doubt if the Duvalier regime will ever use its resources—and those of donor nations—to remove the ferocious disparities in wealth between the Petionville elite and the wretched shanty dwellers of St. Marie.

—IAN GUNTER in Port-au-Prince



Police inspecting Poles' hotel-related car: development of anti-Marxist forces

PHILIPPINES

Snaring a rebel wunderkind

Unidentified gunmen last week critically wounded Filipino Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Emmanuel Pelaez on his way home from an official dinner. It was a bloody reminder of the conflict simmering below the surface of Philippine society, in which at least two groups—Marino nationalists on the island of Mindanao and the Communist-led National Democratic Front (NDF)—are working to topple President Ferdinand Marcos. The NDF recently suffered a major reverse with the capture of Bracton (Rogio Moron), a romantic figure, on a protest of Prime Lord Decide. Marcos had later on arms dealings with NDF commanders. Macdonald's correspondent Paul Quinn-Judge reports from Manila.

Marcos: civilizing Maranao



At 10 a.m. on April 21, two well-dressed men, an accountant and a U.S.-trained economist, left a house in a quiet suburb of Quezon City and drove off in a red Toyota Mirai. Later their way was blocked by two vehicles packed with armed men. They were hustled out of their car and taken to Camp Bago Bantay, once a school and now the headquarters of the Philippine Army's 15th Intelligence Group.

The accountant, Antonio Macosaga, 38, was a member of the clandestine NDF, an offshoot of the Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP). The economist was Roderico (Rogio) Moron, until late 1977 one of the brightest young technocrats in the Philippine government and later a leading Communist Party organizer and guerrilla. Both men were subsequently tortured, slain. Moron's lawyers, who have filed a petition of habeas corpus in the Supreme Court.

The government insists that Moron's capture was due to a deep-penetration agent in the NDF network. But persistent reports here suggest a different story. One of Moron's nephews, it is claimed, was until recently romantically involved with a relative of Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile. The young woman came to know of Moron's whereabouts and, when the nephew broke off the affair, took her revenge.

Until he went underground in 1973, Moron seemed destined for the top. He was executive vice-president of the De-

olompos Academy of the Philippines (IAP), the prestigious think tank founded by Imelda Marcos, and had been responsible for several key development projects. Disillusioned over it, however, and, sometimes in 1976, Marcos became involved with the CFP. At first he kept his ear post while directing the organization's activities to the CFP—including a Landmark later used by CFP chief Jose Maria Sison. But when Sison was captured in 1977 with documents on him, Marcos decided that it was time to disengage. Without waiting to collect as award as one of the country's 10 most outstanding men of the year, he went underground in the countryside, spending the next two years mainly on propaganda work.

Early in 1980, however, Marcos returned to Manila to the task that he seemed best suited for organizing the CFP's National Democratic Front, which was rapidly developing into a broad grouping of anti-Marcos forces. The party had moved far and fast from its modest beginnings in the late 1960s, and, while some of Manila's new associations worked with priests and nuns, Marcos continued on contacts with the elite—big businessmen, major political figures and technocrats.

While many people willingly admit to having met Marcos in the past two years, few are prepared to admit that they were won over by his arguments. One man who was definitely impressed by the boy, however, was Senator Gerry Roesa, leader of the Liberal Party and son of a former Filipino president. Roesa, who died recently, was particularly prominent in organizing last year's boycott of the presidential elections. Philip Sison, who died recently, also had been seen another prominent Filipino dropping by—Senator Josi Diseno, also a former leading politician and now a high-profile human rights lawyer.

Sison was also caught in a "special program"—running guerrillas in AK 47s and M16s and pistols from the run to the Philippines. One charge was consigned to Manila via Japan but somewhere off the Philippines coast the weapons were unloaded onto small boats and spirited away. The government continued running guerrillas there but set the guns, which have been distributed.

The government, embarrassed that the CFP's superstar had been making the rounds of Manila's cocktail crowd for two years, is trying to bring Sison back into the fold, perhaps to head one of the showpiece programs that he started in the 1970s. Some of Marcos' underground colleagues, noting that he appears to have avoided other tortures, feel in any event. But if he does, they expect they expect to see him well as joining them.



Underground nuclear test in Manila: a decision scorned by arms control advocates

UNITED STATES

Re-examining test bans

By Michael Posner

When the limited test ban treaty was approved by John F. Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev in 1963, much of the world looked hopefully toward the day when nuclear testing would be outlawed altogether. In the years since, some modest steps in that direction have been taken. The 1974 S-8-Soviet Threshold Test Ban Treaty (TBT)—signed by Richard Nixon but never ratified by the Senate—permitted underground testing of weapons yielding not more than 150 kt (1.5 million) of energy—about 30 times the force of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. In the 1976 Partial Nuclear Ban Treaty (PTBT), the two superpowers imposed a similar ceiling on nuclear testing at nonilitary installations. And in 1980, in what history may regard as the last gap of détente, the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union came close to concluding a comprehensive test ban. The Carter administration broke off discussions for several reasons—the invasion of Afghanistan among them.

The arrival of Ronald Reagan brought the inevitable policy reversal. In congressional hearings made known last week in a decision scorned by arms control advocates and hailed by conservatives, the White House announced that it would not resume comprehensive test ban negotiations with Moscow and London. Instead, pending Soviet agreement, Washington wants to rewrite the protocol to both the TBT and the PTBT, to strengthen verification provisions.

The administration's argument is based on the inflexible promise that any treaty is only as good as the ability to monitor compliance. Relying on seismographs, Washington believes that the Soviets have been testing weapons with yields well beyond the 150-kt range, the Kennedy denies it. But the same administration that records and analyzes nuclear explosions measures only ranges and prohibition. Hence, while reasonably sure that violations have occurred, the United States cannot be absolutely certain. Until this uncertainty is removed—or at least reduced to more tolerable levels—the White House said last week that there

is little point in ratifying either the 1974 or the 1976 accord or in pursuing a wider ban. However, the United States will continue to observe the terms of both treaties while negotiations proceed.

The president's decision, taken at a National Security Council meeting last week and linked to The New York Times' brought swift reaction from Capitol Hill. Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) vowed to introduce a resolution demanding quick resumption of the tripartite negotiations for a comprehensive ban. A House of Representatives version will no doubt follow. But, with Congress' previous rejection of Lebanon, the chances for the full treaty, neither effort is likely to succeed.

Known there was skepticism, if not outright disbelief, about the administration's rationale. "There's no question that what's behind much of this is the desire to do more testing," said Martha McGraw, associate director of the Washington-based Arms Control Association. "That's the hidden agenda." While concerns about verification are legitimate, McGraw says, a comprehensive test ban could impede its development in nuclear weapons.

Others need in this decision the new sense momentum of the weapons industry. "A comprehensive test ban would go to the heart of the planning infrastructure," says Robert Alvarez, director of the Environmental Policy Center, diminishing the industry's ability to meet tonight's experimental physicists on verification. Alvarez notes that both the United States and the Soviets have agreed to on-site inspections on challenge. Besides, as the Times editorialized last week, "It is much easier to detect violations of a total ban than to discriminate among explosions with a force of about 150 kt."

The counterargument is that a nuclear deterrent rests on its credibility. If systems old and new cannot be tested, doubts about their reliability are inevitable. And if one side or the other is cheating, nuclear arms endings is a comprehensive test ban, an essential part of the arms control strategy. The cynics of Soviet intentions, nuclear weapons testing will always have a place to suggest otherwise is to suggest that the weapons themselves are unnecessary.

The Reagan administration is thus trying to win both wars: it wants to get its faith in arms control without abandoning its right to continue testing. It will probably get its way—reopening pastored discussions on verification with Moscow and reaffirming the U.S. commitment to disarmament, even while the test program of warheads is brought on stream.

A nation going to pieces

The images of decay are everywhere in Houston, the second-wealthiest city in the United States, there are almost as many people as about 1.5 million by a recent count. In Houston, Pa., one bridge is so unsafe that it must be closed. Nearly 100 of its bridges, however, are driving over it. In Jersey City, N.J., last week, an 80-year-old water main burst, leaving 100,000 residents parking without water on the hottest day of this summer. Said Maria Stankovic, as the third incidents from a National Guard water tanker while more than a million gallons in a hour roared from the



Knox City street: drastic cutbacks

looking gap. "We have six people in our family, and there's not enough water to flush the toilet." The systematic collapse of the U.S. physical plant is not a phenomenon of pollution alone. But, increasingly, it is coming under widespread scrutiny as more and more people are affected. Rotting sewer lines, crumbling highways and cracking bridges are but a few of the problems eating away at the U.S. infrastructure. Even more problematic is the skyrocketing cost of keeping U.S. public works working and determining whether or not there is the political will to do so.

With the recession already tearing huge chunks from budgets for basic services, estimates that it will cost trillions of dollars to fix the country's

above- and below-ground ruins in New York State, where nearly one-third of the 5,000 bridges have been declared "structurally unsafe," government officials predict that it would take 600 years—and \$477 million per year—to carry out the necessary repairs. Manhattan's 59th Street Bridge, where a collapsed structure arching over the East River, needs \$200 million worth of work alone, and experts say dams of New York bridges like it will have to be shut if steps are not taken to fix them. A survey of 28 others, 30 had water pipes so decimated that they were losing 10 percent or more of treated water. Public works exacerbate the problem by greatly increasing the high cost of water treatment. The \$2,300-a-mile interstate highway system that threads through the nation is also in sorry repair, even though it is less than 20 years old on average. As many as \$200 km a year require reconstruction.

In a recently published study, *America in Decay*, directed by Public Works Commissioner, author Pat Choate says the blame squarely on the politicians for calling capital investment by one-third since 1965. As well, he points to wasteful and fraudulent spending. Says Choate: "A lot goes to the wrong projects because of politics. A lot is just plain waste." The issue is complicated by the massive bureaucracy that broods over public works. Choate points out that there are almost 82,000 federal, state and municipal agencies. Another familiar phenomenon is the social and industrial causes in the suburbs. Government has had to provide the spending, compensation with new services while maintaining the old facilities in depopulated downtown cores.

After a recent urban policy report was delivered to the White House, President Ronald Reagan acknowledged that something must be done to preserve the infrastructure. But he refused to elaborate, although, in keeping with his new administration, Washington's role will be drastically cut back. Senior administration officials are at odds with the bleak picture drawn by some critics. They point out that demand has dropped for certain capital projects such as schools and highways and that private contractors, in cities like Cleveland, are being asked to do more.

Controversy over both the size of the problem and the way to tackle it will continue to rage. But one thing is certain: politics will multiply and bridges will decay, and the Americans may have to make do with the shoddy to another space shuttle in California.

JANE O'HARA is in New York.

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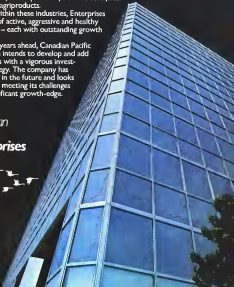
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The '20s roar back into style

By Bernie Barowitz

When Perry Ellis' lucky models took their first strides down the runway last fall, clad in their new spring best, the fashion groupies crowding the New York showrooms breathed a collective gasp. To the strains of the Vangelis sound track for *Chorus of Fire*, the models paraded in the longest and loosest skirts, sweaters and jackets shown on Seventh Avenue that season. Almost every other designer had celebrated the flirtatious, knee-baring skirt—but Ellis, long a men devotee, had revived the slinky silhouette of the flapper '20s. Close-fitting hats, arched noses, saddle shoes and croquet mallets compounded the sense of déjà vu. That was only the beginning. By summer women had taken Ellis' clothes from store racks to the streets, and other designers were busily exploiting the '20s mood. With that, the once-lashed elegant era of *Chorus of Fire*, *Reds* and *Breakhead* revisited was reborn.

Ever the innovator, Ellis finally denies any inspiration from the past. "It's just one of those things that happened, a coincidence." And, for their part, neither such married blue bloods as *Breakhead*'s Sebastian Flyte nor high-minded athletes such as *Chorus*' Eric Liddell and *Heaven* Abrahamson would have chosen to view themselves as fashion trend setters. Yet those well-bred, respectably dressed young men and the less-hipped women they adored have pointed the way toward the most pervasive direction in fashion this year.

That fashion across film should come as no surprise. Just a few seasons ago, Anne Hall sent legions of young women scowling for longer Little Tramp pants and string ties. Rarely, however, has the signal of the screen been so striking. It shows up this summer in boyishly feminine, dropped-shoulder dresses such as the ones worn by Sebastian Flyte's sister Julia (many even have hip wraps). The period theme continues in drapery blouse jackets and a multitude of white musical blouses, skirts and pants. With the fall season, nostalgia will loose even longer as preppy flapper outfits give way to classic English tweeds in the *Breakhead* tradition and *Chorus*' inspired Cambridge gear.

Abrahamson's Fair Isle sweaters and bow ties sent both men and women alike designers scurrying for their sketch pads. So, clearly, did the navy blouses, white cricket sweaters, and straw hats of his Cambridge classmates, not to mention the belted vests and tweed jackets of his ancestor, Laddell! Also noted were Sebastian Flyte's white flannel

Nostalgia looms large as flapper dresses hit the streets and classic tweeds make an appearance in stores



Kathleen's flapper dress (right); Ellis' sweater dress (middle); Allen's arched look (far right); Vogue sketches from the '20s



COVER

Oxford bags, rakishly belted with a school tie. Almost always it is the period's *newness* that has caught designers' eyes. Women will find more racks swelling with clothes that evoke the splendor of the Roaring '20s daily.

Indeed, few eras can match the readiness with which the *Joan Age*. As an anthem of the period put it.

There's nothing sadder / The rich get rich and the poor get poorer / In the meantime, in between time / I'll be just fine.

These were the years when innocent school children taking big risks dashed from party to party in their roadsters, when socialites flocked to Harlem to dance the black bottom. Forward-looking women bobbed their hair, slacked their corsets, and liked their skirts. Independence, like the quest for good times, was in fashion.

Still, despite those thoroughly modern ideals, it was the moped aristocrats who set the prevailing style—a style as basic as it was lavish. Native American designer Bill Stone, whose fall collection includes blouse jackets and blouses topped with skirts, as well as Lady Marchmont steamer coats. "There was a more gentle way of life that's very appealing right now." At Gordhines, Canadian designer Bernard McGee concurs. And he adds: "There's an appreciation for the quality associated with that time. People are investing in classic, good pieces, both in their clothing and in the decor of their homes."

Twenties fever has so far proven a uniquely North American phenomenon. But if Europe has given it barely a nod, several U.S. designers made it the focal point of their fall collections shown recently in New York. Ralph Lauren paired Norfolk weed jackets with slim skirts. Neuwinkle, at Arne Klitz, designers Donna Karan and Linda Del'Orto virtually knitted at Cambridge: their collection features navy-and-burgundy-striped bathrobe coats and sleek navy cardigans with school insignias on the breast pockets. Quick to catch on in the trend, moderate-priced sportswear companies have turned to the '20s with such enthusiasm that some fashion leaders blanch at the mere mention of the period. Complicit Lauren, who has always favored the '20s style: "When everyone jumps on a look, they kill it."

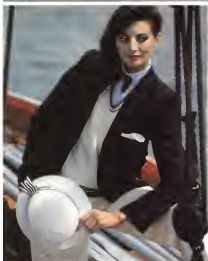
Canadian retailers have so such worries. Kathleen Elizabeth Storey, fashion procurement manager at the Bay: "The look is comfortable, it's functional and it's versatile. It can be worn dressing up or down." Le Château recently filed its Toronto windows with mannequins sporting hip-banded sandresses and Polo shirt head wraps, while at Eaton's sale of Perry Ellis' spring collection

topped last year's figures despite higher prices. Montreal's main business for Canadian designers, too. When Lipton's Toronto store featured Debra Karcher's white flared flapper dresses in its windows, the 32-year-old immediately sold out her entire production of 2,000 items.

In New York City, spectators at the industrial Birmingham's department store opened a Bridalhead boutique to entice youthful browsers. The edifice of '20s trappings is garnering sales 15-percent higher than the predecessor that occupied the same spot last year. Small wonder that Katina, a Birmingham, the Bay and Holt Renfrew are thinking of following suit. At Bloomingdale's, however, nostalgia reached such a pitch that Lord Swenson was flown to New York to photograph Charlotte star Ben Cross in clothes fit for the dapper Abraham



Star headbashed suit jetties Sebastian Flyte in 'The Whitehead' mood



Gordhines' 'Cambridge' look; 'Charlotte' / Cross (above right), fashion mirrors this

home. The resulting promotional campaign drew a "bustling" response, reports the store's vice-president of fashion, Hal Butterfield. "In a time of difficult business," he says, "it's often good to promote the romance of another era."

The most obvious result of this fascination with the '20s is the return of the straight silhouette. Gaze at the multi-layered, voluminous clothes of last fall, which, by and large, languished in the stores. "People are tired of layers of bulk. They want to feel dressed and simply," explains Ellis Fink, senior fashion editor at Women's Wear Daily, the women's fashion trade newspaper. "It was a natural step for designers to go for leaner clothes."

But what began in designer showrooms has arrived on the street, and some die-hard fashionists trend watchers are warning more than the slim line. They are ransacking the vintage clothing shops of Toronto's Queen Street and Montreal's Prince Arthur Street for authentic '20s fashions. Unlike the howling skirts of the '90s and the rigid Day-Glo skirts of the '80s, however, such finds do not come cheaply. Genuine flapper dresses, a rare commodity, command more than \$300, says Andrew Deacon, owner of Toronto's Mood Indigo Neuwinkle store. Deacon should know—he recently sold two black hand-banded sheaths for \$650 apiece.

Undaunted, young experimenters are bringing their own eclectic interpretations to the '20s look. On Montreal's Crescent and Prince Arthur streets, overmod Sebastian Flyte (opposite) have turned up on both scenes, reports Kate Morahan, fashion editor of the Montreal Gazette. "Young people here pick up on any fresh idea, but they do it in such a personal way," she says. In Toronto the



Charlotte / Cross (above right), fashion mirrors this

mini-brocade evokes the heyday of the Charleston, with long T-shirts or slinky cardigans pulled down over short pleated skirts. Their escorts, with slicked-down, front-parted hair, don toothy or wing-collared shirts and white waistcoats. In New York's entry 20s, arrow-borders occasionally bob along the streets, and T-shirt shoes like Zelda Fitzgerald's stroll from gallery to gallery.

It remains to be seen just how seriously more couture Canadian women will take designers' current fixation. "Most people will just go on wearing their polyester gowns," asserts Toronto Star fashion writer Jane Hess. Adds The Vancouver Sun's Nancy Knickerbocker, herself an aesthete: "I think women will just buy one or two of the pieces, like a long sweater or a blouse." Champions of the *Joan Age* style hasten to respond that these clothes are made to be worn in the office, not just to someone parties. Stripped of the period accessories that appear on fashion runways—above baggy elastic hats, cascading pearls—they could well appeal to the shopper who simply wants comfortable clothes to wear.

The whole point, however, is living in the whole point. And there is no stronger testament to its appeal than the current *Flirt* of '20s parties. At one such affair in Toronto recently, guests dined, danced and sipped black dresses to sip tea and eat watermelon sandwiches. The event proved so successful that one of the hostesses, interior designer Maureen Miles, is planning a second party for the fall. "The boys will hold a race, and the girls will sit in antique cars and sip champagne," she says. "Then we'll have a cigarette match and have afternoon tea. Even Sebastian Flyte would approve."

The mannish look for women

If *Brusard* and *Charlot* are sporting a wave of '80s-inspired clothing, then *Vitor*, *Victoria* deserves credit for fueling another fashion fire—street mannish dress for women. Sporting finely tailored suits, her hair shined back beneath a fedora, Julie Andrews indeed has *Vitor* with a lampoon-check sense of style. *Vitor*'s costumes quite coincidentally mirrored a vogue close to the heart of London's young underground designers and their devoted followers who strut King's Road in baggy trousers held up by suspenders and topped by wide-lapelled suit jackets. Bow ties and fedoras complete the effect. With the revival of *Gucci* and *Dolci*, a lot in London, the new gangsters have had plenty of inspiration.

European and North American designers have not been blind to this development. The new fall collections feature every conceivable form of white-tie apparel for women: tuxedo suits, smoking jackets, striped suspender pants and tuxedo shirts. On New York's Seventh Avenue designers are busy churning out striped three-piece gangster suits with high-waisted suspender pants. Montreal designer Jean-Clair Poulin has come up with his own version of the banker's suit for women, while Canadian designer Alfred Sung has draped wigs, white and grey *Vitor*, *Victoria* suits for fall. "I've always admired the traditional businessman's dress. Beautiful navy blazers and grey trousers look so good," explains Sung. "I thought if I looked so good on men, why not on women? Many working women have to wear jackets anyway."

Skeptics may wonder whether women will dare step so boldly into the male clothing preserve. Counters Toronto designer Shelley Weekwood of *Christlines*. "I don't think women want to be overriden or fancy any longer. Masculine is just so easy. If you're a woman climbing the corporate ladder, you don't have time to fuss in the morning."

Suppressing the bourgeois snarl, however, is hardly the issue for enterprising young fashion plates who are already combining used-clothing stores for red-carpet memorabilia to flaunt for sheer pleasure. At *Metropolis*, a Toronto shop that sells such finds, co-owner Leslie Elendy has been hard pressed to meet the demand for old gangster suits, despite his "secret source." "Everyone wants them," he says. Or goes the *Time* Age best.

—R.H.



Klein's ballroom crowd (left): Robert Preston and Julie Andrews in *Black Swan*; (right) *Vitor*, *Victoria*; Kushner's *Swedish coal* (top) tailored suits, bow tie and fedoras return in force

BUSINESS

A world trading system running amok

In the antipole north end of Geneva, where the Alps provide a huge backdrop for the area's modest export office blocks, trade officials from Canada and the United States sat down last February for a chilly chat over coffee. The unpublicized meeting was probably one of the year's most important: between the two troubled giant blocs of the world's longest undefended border. Arriving to participants, the two sides decided at the session to "stop screwing at each other across the border." Instead, they would settle their differences over Canada's controversial Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) in Switzerland by referring the issue to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).

Last week the dispute was still smoldering, pending consideration by an independent GATT panel. Whether or not the U.S. view that FIRA imposes unfair restrictions as its lexicon will be upheld remains uncertain. But the crucial rule that GATT has assumed in the matter underlines the growing importance of the body in a world trading system that is running amok. In fact, the multilateral trade agreements represented by GATT may soon be all that stands between order and anarchy in relations between industrialized nations.

The situation appears to be worsening. High unemployment and low growth are making new enemies out of old allies as industrial nations struggle to protect domestic jobs in the face of GATT's liberalized trade provisions. Newfound barriers abound, ranging from quotas and discriminatory duties on imports to tactics such as Canada's overzealous inspection of Japanese autos landing in Vancouver—which was eased last week amid growing controversy. "The protectionist measures in each of our nations are just incredible," sighs Canadian Trade Minister Ed Lundy, the man involved in the wrangling with Tokyo over car imports.

In the broader context, the FIRA dispute is a refreshing, small corner. It is just a single chord in a symphony of complaints composed by the administration of President Ronald Reagan. The Reaganites see themselves as being involved in the herculean task of cleaning a mess of government subsidies and intervention out of the Anglo-American international trade. Canadian leaders quietly refer to the multi-pronged offensive by Washington as textbook economics gone crazy. The Reagan, less acquainted with U.S. eco-



Lundy (top), Schmidt (lower left), U.S. Secretary of State Schultz (lower right)



nomic unilateralism, are livid. Trade wars between the European Community (EC) and the United States are the former's sublimated steel and agricultural exports. Equally contentious is Reagan's order forbidding foreign subsidiaries of U.S. companies and foreign companies manufacturing under U.S. license to supply technology to the planned Soviet nuclear gas pipeline to Western Europe. In sharp response, the French and Italian governments have declared that they will ignore the order, and other allies are expected to follow suit.

In recent weeks a flurry of Western European delegations has arrived in Washington, trying to prevent a further escalation of the conflict over trading issues. Last week alone, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, the na-

tion's economic minister, Otto von Guericke, and Italian Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani made separate flights across the Atlantic. The most pressing reason for their agendas was an attempt to convince Washington to lift countervailing duties imposed upon scheduled steel imports from Western European nations. At week's end, however, the issue was still unresolved.

Europe's furor has a sense of déjà vu for Canada, in whose economic affairs Washington has intervened regularly and unhesitatingly. In one case it attempted to block the sale of locomotives to Cuba by a U.S. subsidiary in Montreal. In another, it postponed the corporate income of Canadian multinational companies for a congressional investigation into arms pricing.

FIRA was a partial response to such heavy-handed U.S. corporate tactics. But now the Clinton administration is arguing that FIRA is itself a violation of GATT and that Canada is forcing foreign-owned companies to pledge specific levels of exports as well as contracts for Canadian-made supplies in order to get through the investment screening procedure. Canada argues that it may be bending, but not breaking, the rules. What's more, the U.S. position is riddled with irony. Both Canada and the U.S. have long complained about the U.S. Domestic International Sales Corporation (DISC), which allows companies to postpone taxes on export profits.

Nobody wants to return to the beggar-thy-neighbor policies of the '30s," Lundy believes, but as the GATT trade ministers enter their first meeting in 30 years this November the outlook could hardly be less propitious. Also this fall, a panel of trade experts will begin dissecting the FIRA case. Canada has offered to end the offending practices should the judgment go against it, but Canadian trade officials are hopeful. And maybe now, in the face of U.S. economic measures, the Europeans, who also complain about FIRA, will see Prime Minister Trudeau moved recently, "understand a lot better" the reason for such contraband Canadian policies.

—IAN ANDERSON in Ottawa



A new empire in the East

By Michael Chagston

The only good thing about Friday is that it's close to Monday." Harry Steele told an aide recently. That sentiment would be an appropriate motto emblazoned on the gleaming, aluminum-sided Eastern Provincial Airways bumper or Gander International Airport. As a loudly it captures nicely the drive and the tight, but informal, style that Steele has instilled in one of the least known but most dynamic transportation empires in Canada. Just west of Toronto, right up to the airport and to the black, flat expanse of 12,000 in northeastern Newfoundland where Steele's operations are based. It is an incongruous setting for those who associate large, profitable, representative enterprises with metropolitan canyons of steel and glass. Yet it is in this remote corner that the Newfoundland Capital Corp. (NCC) and its flagship, Eastern Provincial Airways (EPA), have managed to attract top-flight executives with talent for the arts and Steele has sought to create cosmopolitan postings. The main reason why they come, and then stay, is Harry Steele and his innovative and, above all, indefatigable entrepreneurship.

On the face of it, Steele's empire seems like a big gamble. EPA operates in some of the worst weather and in the weakest regional economy in the country. Not only that, but NCC is in direct competition with the Crown corporations Air Canada and Canadian National, which have access to comparatively enormous subsidies. Financing EPA, from his wing-shaped desk high in the banger office, thus suggesting, slightly ruffled but powerful figure of a man seen one of the two major air-

lines in the country that is turning a profit (the other is Pacific Western Airline of Calgary). And, through his October, 1981, takeover of the thriving, Montreal-based Clarke group of transport companies, Steele steers the operations of trucking fleets, steamships, a container port in Halifax and a post-car operations. Also under the NCC banner (Steele, with 41 per cent of the voting stock, is majority shareholder in the holding company) is Atlantic Inn, a with two hotels in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and a pilot-training facility in Halifax.

Unlike the stereotypical eastern businessman, Steele has a certain flamboyance, an independent streak that he often associates from behind podiums on such pet subjects as the need to get government out of business. He may be the only man in the world with a strict Methodist upbringing who is conversant with the price of coddish on the Newfoundland coast and who drives an \$86,800 Ferrari. Steele is an individual with a sense of fun who says of the sleek, red sports car in the president's parking space, "It's far to do something different, you know," grinning widely. But his sense of family and of moral principle is firm.

It is impossible to imagine Steele negotiating corporate bean counters such as a "viable, feasible alternative." His style is direct, personable and informal, running to such phrases as, "The trouble with that guy is he doesn't know whether he's pitching or catching." The son of a woodman and fisherman, Steele grew up, where-deep in bushy shores and fishing nets, in the tiny outport of Maguare Harbour, then 100 km by boat from the nearest big centre, Lunenburg. He toughened up as all-

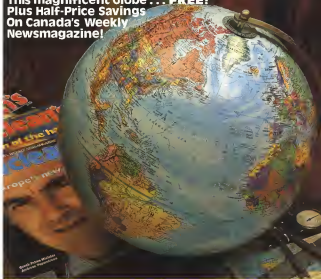
Steele with his Ferrari: a lightweight airline pitted against the heavyweights

ready sturdily and big-boned frame by digging ditches with the highway department for four years before earning a B Ed at Memorial University in St. John's, then joining the navy. It was the graduation of the services in 1966—"the biggest level of bull measure to come down the pipe"—that led him toward retirement from that very satisfying life at age 45. By the time he retired, however, Steele had turned a flair for real estate and stock investments into a personal fortune of more than \$1 million. He spent the next few years profitably employed with his investments and, for a short time, as a vice-president of CNA. But he quit that post in a dispute over how the company was being run. Eighteen months later the major stockholders approached him with a request to take over from the existing management. As a result, Steele bought out over 50 per cent of the 20-year-old airline. In 1977 EPA had lost more than \$1 million and had an alarming 19:1 debt-to-equity ratio. But Steele quickly set about turning the company around, and within two years its stock had jumped from \$4 to \$13. Last year it recorded a profit of \$4.4 million. The salvage job that Steele organized has been called near-miraculous and is given as evidence by those who expect EPA's holding company, NCC—which was formed in 1980—to become a major force in the East Coast economy once the mega-projects start to roll.

"Good management, honestly, is the biggest single factor in any company," says Gander's Critch of the Year for 1981, in his office, where there are such book titles as *You, Too, Can Become a Millionaire* by M. J. Adda Steele. "It's hard to get the management team in place." On that note Steele has performed admirably. He removed the per-

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Canada's best looks to the world



Steen launching a discus: 10 events demanding an abundance of power and grace

By Victor Paddy

In his track suit, Dave Steen does not look overmuch. And when the boyishly handsome 29-year-old steps down to his shorts and half-trimmed T-shirt, he still looks more like a lanky, late-middle-aged man than Canada's best athlete. Even after launching a two-kilogram discus into the morning sky and walking 48 m to retrieve it, it is still not evident why some say Steen may eventually become the world's greatest athlete. His discus toss is barely a Canadian, let alone a world, standard. Set in the arena sport they call decathlon, the discs is only one of 10 track-and-field events that must be mastered with an abundance of power, speed, endurance and the lambent grace of a consummate athlete.

From the first day's 100-m sprint, long jump, shot put, high jump and 400-m run to the second day's 150-m hurdles, discus, pole vault, javelin and 1,500-m run, so one sport demands more of an athlete. Good genes help, and Steen has a bloodline full of them. His father, Don, was Canadian decathlon champion in 1956, and his uncle, also

Dave, twice won the Commonwealth shot put gold in 1966 and again in 1979. It was only two months ago that Steen ran, jumped, vaulted, threw and walked himself to a Canadian decathlon record and seventh place overall in Gstaad, Austria's unofficial world decathlon championship. Steen's 7,968-point total was a mark so far above any other Canadian decathlete that his coach, Andy Higgins, considered Steen's competing in the Commonwealth Games trials this weekend in Ottawa redundant.

Steen is similarly impressed with Higgins. It was because of Higgins and the University of Toronto Track Club that Steen left the University of California and the last year of a four-year track scholarship 18 months ago. Now, besides Higgins, his overall matter, Steen has five part-time coaches and trains with such multiple-event athletes as Bill Raso-Giffin, Canada's premier heptathlete, and the favorite to capture a Commonwealth gold medal this fall in the new seven-event sport that has replaced the pentathlon. Higgins, who coaches all the multiple-event athletes, espouses a kind of mind-over-

muscle philosophy. "The head is everything," says the former high school guidance counselor. In accord with the mind-over-muscle favored by Eastern European decathletes, Higgins infrequently introduced relaxation, mental visualization and massage sessions to his training program. Though Steen decided to follow up at first, the recent Austrian meet may yet make a convert of him.

There, for the first time in his life, the Burnaby, B.C., native felt the pressures of competing at the top. After blowing the first three events, Steen, in concert with Higgins, came to the conclusion that he had been trying too hard. "It was a real learning experience. No matter how good you are, you can lose with your mind." Though Steen will almost certainly find the medal circle in Brisbane, at Australia's October Commonwealth Games, he will have to work no more than his usual to place in the 1984 Olympics. He says he will have to score almost 8,000 points to equalize Britain's Daley Thompson, current world record holder at 8,701.

Steen's stance extends beyond the Los Angeles Olympics to the 1986 Games when, at the ripe age of 25, he figures to peak physically and mentally. Six more years of two-a-day workouts, six days a week, is a full-time job. Like most athletes or internationally recognized Canadian amateur athletes, Steen gets \$250 a month from Sport Canada, which also pays his tuition. Since last April Toronto's Johnstone & Daniel Ltd. retailer has also chipped in—the sponsorship conditional on Steen wearing a T-shirt sporting the company name.

As a result, unfortunately, has followed nearly every decathlete since the sport was introduced at the 1912 Stockholm Olympic Games. Only two decathletes—Jim Thorpe in 1912 and Bruce Jenner 64 years later in Montreal—have managed to live the imagination of the North American public. Reasons for the sport's public popularity must surely come down to its length. Steen likes the two-day, 16-hour decathlon because it allows him to watch grass grow. "If it was anything but the decathlon," Steen says, "I would be in the navy for sure." Still, he considers himself fortunate. "A lot of people don't get that opportunity to put themselves on the line." In a world where few get the chance to live out their dreams, Dave Steen is being paid—however modestly—to become the best athlete in the world. □

Big-league aspirations, bush-league problems

By Hal Quinn

In its 25th season, the Canadian Football League has not yet recovered from the haugen of its 24th. The spectre of the Nelson Skalbania-Montreal Alouette debacle lingers and casts shadows over what could be the CFL's most glorious year. The Alouettes are now called the Concordia, but nothing has changed. Forever attempting to convince its fans and itself that it is "big time," the CFL continues to drag along the trappings of a bush-league.

When Skalbania reduced one of the league's most venerable franchises to a debt-ridden husk almost overnight, the CFL, tattered on the brink of extinction, barely viable as a non-team enterprise, floundered under with eight. The solution was the dissolution of the Alouettes and the creation of the still awkwardly-named Concordia, with Charles Broadman's bankroll behind them. Stretched credibility was partially relaxed, only to be crumpled again. In a desperate attempt to attract some of the most die-hard fans in the league—Montrealers—the Concord offered home-spectator tickets at one-fifth of face value.

Angus drop Erik Kavin Cow, imbalances



1,500 people fell for it at the Games last 30-40 Winnipeg. As if that were not minor-league enough, it has now surfaced that the CFL Players' Association is considering lawsuits to recover up to \$500,000 in deferred payments owed to former Alouettes—including Junior Ah Yau, Ron Singleton, Billy (White Shoes) Johnson, Shafer Rogers, Ben Votham, Larry Pihl, Scotty Davis and Dickie Harris. Former coach Joe Stoppelli is owed about \$200,000 (CFL) and has no intention to pursue the matter.

The players and coach are owed money by an entity, the Alouettes, that no longer exists. The Concordia's management says that it is not responsible, the CFL says that it is not either, pointing the finger at "the person who secured the debt." Skalbania has neither commented nor offered money.

The continuing Montreal embarrassment, both on and off the field, is being acted out against the backdrop of a league hopelessly imbalanced. The Con-West rivalry notwithstanding, the Grey Cup championship, off-trumpeted as a ritual spiritual adhesive, is once again only a dream. The five western teams, led by the champions of the past four seasons, the Edmonton Eskimos, laughably outclass their four eastern counterparts. The embarrassment reflected in recent scores—54-14-34, 38-0, 21-12—and only one eastern team (Toronto) has managed to win a point from a western squad (red-faced Calgary), and that in an upset contest that featured 14 turnovers. The most interesting of this season's first games ended 25-0, but that was played between two western teams. The imbalance is not unique to the '83 season, as CFL Commissioner Jake Gardiner said, "It's dropping back to eastern clubs, as well as to all of us, that the evidence is there that it won't be more competitive than it was last year."

The West's superiority could be partly disguised in previous years when interdivisional play was sporadic. But



Bomber Mike Johnson tackles Conc Ducks Harris' debacle

this year for the second time the schedule of games totally integrates East and West. Mike Paulsen, offensive coach for the Concordia, puts it succinctly: "The way the eastern teams are playing I can't see how any of them will have a winning record."

Ironically, 1982 is the year that the CFL could, and should, make its greatest impact. The National Football League Players' Association is currently involved in heated negotiations with team owners over a new bargaining agreement. With the players demanding 10 per cent of gross revenue and owners demanding lockouts and random attrition terms of players in the wake of disclosures of widespread drug abuse, the threat of a strike is very real. Should that occur, the U.S. cable network that carries CFL games, NBC, has reached an agreement with the CFL to broadcast CFL games and with the formation of the United States Football League, due to start up in March of next year, there is no better time for the CFL to portray itself as a stable, credible alternative to players, coaches and fans. Montreal's continuing problems and the East-West imbalance are not helping.

The CFL's silver anniversary year is fraught with potential for disaster and salvation. The bottom line should be clearly stated the day after the Grey Cup game. □



Lovers' Daryl Hannah, Peter Gallagher, Valerie Greenhouse, a new wacky shot

Rendi Kline is not being billed as "one of the world's most successful film directors" for nothing. The 39-year-old University of Southern California film school alumnus was standing behind the camera when *John Travolta* electrified the sex in *Grease* and *Brooke Shields* shed her demure jeans in *The Blue Lagoon*. *Grease* became the highest-grossing movie success in history, and *Lagoon* was one of the biggest money-makers of 1980. Now, Kline is back with a new wacky shot at the youth market called *Summer Lovers*. Produced for a mere \$5.5 million, the film's hype will likely talk every teenage girl this side of Peru out of half a week's allowance to see three tanned youths fall in love with each other as the Greek islanders that Kline is unapologetic. "Most reviewers will probably say I hate it," he predicts, with more than a little arrogance. "But it was completely made to be seen by a full house of young people, not in a screaming noise with five other critics." Reflecting on his future, Kline talks about a romantic comedy with Travolta and *Olivia Newton-John* and then, perhaps, a "horror, horror" film. "To get people to line up around the block for subjects worth dealing with—that's a trick," says he. That used to be known as success.

British Columbia's opposition New Democratic Party has 86 new interpretations of the B.C. spirit, and it is anything but complimentary to Premier **Bill Bennett**. In response to last month's tales of Soerod speaking as fancy cars, Broadway extravaganzas and high-priced meals, the N.D.P.

dated a glossy poster with a piglet sniffing Pontiac Frenchie, the \$37.96-a-bottle stuff as loved by Consumer Affairs Minister **Peter Hyndman**. In the corner, beneath the piggie, is Bennett's printed personal logo and the phrase to *PARADISE* *THE SECOND SPIRIT*. Three thousand of what Bennett calls a "snapped little type of campaign" have already been snatched up at \$4 a pop. **Scott Beck**, the N.D.P.'s director of communications, who designed the lampoon and borrowed the pig from a neighbor in Langley, B.C., says he has had suggestions for more posters. "People want to see the pig put in the back of a limousine, with a tap hat and a little button that says 'LOVE ME'." But Beck thinks the point has been made. Besides, he says, "It is awfully hard to get a pig to do what you want it to do." No doubt indeed intended.

Don't mention the word "comeback" near **Eric Burdon**. A veteran of the "British invasion" of the 1960s, Burdon sang lead vocals with the Animals on a string of hits, including the classic *House of the Rising Sun*. But it has been more than a decade since he tapped the charts with *Spill the Wine*. "I've been touring in Europe, especially West Germany," explains the 41-year-old singer. "As far as I'm concerned, I'm always coming back." In Canada's last week on a nine-city tour, Burdon said that he has been busy writing music and making films (broadly, his latest release is a West German production about a burned-out rock star, called *Conchack*). Although Burdon has received three more offers from what he calls respected, well-known Hollywood directors, his biggest thrill is still per-

forming. "Film, for all its glamour, is a dead medium, and so is recording," he pronounces. "When I look at a guy like **Chuck Berry**, who is still writing and performing and is almost twice my age, I think it's cool."

It may not be a star-studded event in the catholic sense, but the marriage will support a cast of a few of the country's more prominent people. On Saturday, July 31, in the afternoon, soon-to-be architect **Peter Berens**, 36, one of the journalists **Baron**, **Watts** and **Jones**, will wed teacher **Frank Kohn**, 38, daughter of famed composer **Moshe Kohn** and violinist-conductor **Eugene Kohn**, at the Ritz hotel in Kitchener, Ont. **Alexander L. Feldman**, 32, the controversial rabbi emeritus of Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple and author of *Sea and the Puppet*, is flying in from his Rens, N.Y., home to perform the mixed marriage. As might be expected, the octopus rabbi has no qualms about the occasion. "With the intermingling in many aspects of society, there is bound to be intermarriage," he says. When **Frederick** and **Kash** in 1964 also married to **Johanna**, but, so far, Peter has no similar plans. **Frederick**, an old friend of the **Bertons**, believes that the majority of gentiles who marry Jews raise their children in the Jewish faith. "And they usually end up converting themselves because of the beauty of Jewish family life," he says contentedly.

Former Animal Burdon not a comeback



Liberal changes province: good, funny

"It took me eight years to go from scepticism to deputy speaker and now, in one fell swoop, I'm chief of detectives," laughed prime minister **Robert Mulroney** after his first week in office. **Barney Miller**, who is in Toronto to help celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Association's 100th anniversary, arrived coincidentally with the release of a \$400,000 management study aimed at pushing the tarnished image of Metro's fleet. But **Liberal** ruled out any connection.

"I'm here to run in a marathon, crown the new Miss Toronto and have some fun," he asserted. **Mr. Mulroney** was on a 27 C day in fun, **Liberal** had his share in a field of about 250, he came in with a respectable time of 56 minutes, 20 seconds. Good guess, **Burns**.

Poly bill worker **Sharon Hitt** has spent a lot of time at his cottage on Lake Umbagog in New Brunswick, but he never worried about the century-old tale of a resident lake monster.

Now, Hitt, 46, on having second thoughts The calm, clear evening of a few weeks ago, his wife and two friends sat on the beach and watched strange hovering surface from the lake's depths about a kilometre away. "It came out of the water, stepped on top for a couple of minutes and went down again," says Hitt, who estimated the creature's length at roughly three metres. "I've never seen anything like it before." Neither had the two **Misses** **Indians** who, in 1872, described the beast as a "fearful creature with a head as big as a pumpkin [burr]." Many other reports followed over the years, but the local scientific community never received any proof. Nevertheless, it is best to keep an open mind, says retired fisheries researcher **Carl Macdonald** of nearby St. Andrews. "I don't laugh at these things."

With all the praise and grace that accompanies a career as a classical singer, Toronto mezzo-soprano **Catherine Robbin**, 31, is making a name for herself on the international stage. Fresh from rave reviews at Stratford, Ont., where she sang the role of *Ida* in *Ida and Anna*, Robbin is preparing for her first recording session, scheduled for England this fall, in which she will sing *The Messiah* with the famed **Manitowish Orchestra** and **Choir**. After Christmas she will begin her third five-week tour of France. It is a demanding schedule for a woman who originally planned to become a speech pathologist. "I sang in high school plays, but I never knew anyone who made money singing," she says. Two years ago

friends persuaded her to try out as an agent with the **Canadian Opera Company**. "I pushed a card across the stage to **Carmen**," she recalls, and it immediately changed her life. Now, as a sought-after chanteuse in Europe and Canada, she is casting about for more work south of the border. Toronto tries produce work starts in **Toronto** **Opera**, but Robbin knows that New York holds the key to international recognition.

Conservative about-town **William P. Buckley Jr.** is a dedicated scholar who occasionally drops anchor in New Brunswick's public house **John River**. After a recent visit, **Buckley** wrote to the **Saint John Telegraph-Journal** praising local good journalism. He singled out one in particular, when he asked The Angel of **Croft** **Point**, far beyond his party device of a shipboard garbage. The Angel family recognized himself—and **Buckley**—in print and came forward to tell a different story. It seems that retired businessman **Aubrey Pope**, 67, intercepted those men as they were preparing to dump their debris into the ocean. The couple's commentary near **Saint John**. "I'm not very big but I can get angry," says Pope, who promptly ordered the intruders off. "I would have been glad to help," he said, if it hadn't been for their "urgent affairs." Pope was not minding or vindictive, too. **Buckley** was looking for his letter with a message to all yachtsmen: don't pass **Croft Point** (without) paying respect to its Angel and leaving him your garbage.

In Edmonton businessman **Del Adam** has a new way: they will soon be a story among Liberal life. The founder of the **People's Movement to Stop Trudeau** is soliciting voters to put pressure on their Liberal MPs to cross the floor of the House. "There are so many unhappy Canadians," says Adam, "that if a ground swell of just proportion development, the government will never be able to withstand it." Since establishing the group in mid-June, Adam says that he has received "hundreds" of calls and letters of support. Last month 60 protesters were wearing upside-down Canadian flags as emblems, chase Independent **Bill Burke**'s Edmonton home as their first picket site. "I find this detestable," Burke says. "The fundamental principle being established here is the destruction of private enterprise." **Edmonton** **Edmonton**—re-elected **John Trueman**—and a new scheme that Burke may think is downright vile (as well as utterly illegal). He wants to collect \$5 million in bribe money to persuade **Trudeau** to resign. "If it's \$5 million to the Liberal Party of Canada," responded the PM, "then let's sit down and talk."

—EDITED BY BARBARA BRIGHTON

Mezzo-soprano Robbin making a name for herself/singer



Politicking via cable television

By Julie Van Dusen

Even Cote, 48, far from the Quebec trifling of *Monsieur-Télévision*, seems self-conscious in a television camera. Newly settled, her makeup TV-perfect, she punctuates her answers on the government's economic policy with gestures to emphasize salient points. The interview over, Paul Racine, a journalist-run mock, noticeably critiques her performance. "The year back, but don't wear them in front of your face," he admonishes, "and don't cross your legs."

Thus concludes another rigorous taping session in the cable television sta-

tion for legislators in that the shows are televised gratis by Rogers Communications Inc. as a goodwill gesture and as a three-year Canadian-content pledge to the CRTC. Some evenings are so hectic in the studios that sops are rushed through their sessions assembly-line style. Says Nicole Novak, Rogers' executive-director in Ottawa: "The chair is still warm from one interview to the next."

The benefits notwithstanding, the response to the service was initially lukewarm. Novak was convinced that their cable reports would only reach chronic TV addicts or uncommitted channel changers. Novak says that politicians from small rural communities were ac-

company her pupils. While the television sessions begin with a practice interview, they are always followed by Racine's ruthless assessment. "I put them at a disadvantage," he confesses, "and I don't give them any breaks."

Undaunted, more than 130 MPs, 12 of whom are cabinet ministers, now televise their reports through Rogers once or twice a month. Most prefer to discuss political issues in groups of two or three members of the same party. To date Novak has shown no interest in crafting an ideological opponent to share the spotlight. As NDP member Derek Blackburn, from Brentford, Ont., explains, "Because it's going into my riding, I have to be careful of one-upmanship."

Being spotted is seldom given that MPs can choose their admirers, a fact of which the audience is never made aware. Some critics of the political scene are concerned. Stedman has shown that viewers do not differentiate between paid political propaganda and actual news reports. The interviews are carefully staged and rehearsed to protect the member from possible challenges. Frequent aside references to opposing parties are not uncommon. When Dan McKenna, Conservative MP for Winnipeg Assiniboine, denounced Employment and Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy as "an embarrassment to the Liberal party," a Tory aide interviewer smirked, "Well Dan, you'll have to keep fighting for the people of Manitoba."

To some critics this messaging of the political ego is disturbing. "It's play-acting and could give journalism a bad name," says George Burn, director of the School of Journalism at King's College in Halifax. "It's only fair to the viewer to know the identity of the participants." To which NDP MP Pauline Jewett (New Westminster-Coquitlam) replies, "There's no intention to be misleading. It isn't an interview in the traditional sense—it's a fairly neutral presentation."

Because of the \$250,000 annual expense of running the Rogers bureau, Novak may not have access to this forum for long. In any event, cable reports will not truly supplant traditional tools such as newscasts or the Householder.

Yet MPs agree that cable is a novel and effective way to give the party line into the living rooms of the nation. Notes Blackburn: "There's no such thing as overexposure in politics." ☐



Cable in the studio: MPs are flocking to cable television to reach constituents

dies of the nation's capital. For years members of Parliament have promulgated the party line through the Householder, a postage-free brochure distributed to constituents. Now, federal and provincial politicians are flocking to the cable television bureau in Ottawa, Toronto and Victoria to broadcast, free of charge, an unstinted, unedited economic extension of their newscasts. With an estimated 4.6 million households with cable across the country, members are seeing that politicking via the tube can pack a wallop.

Often aired during prime time, the 30-minute encounters are thick and professional. While the shows take on an air of tough journalistic probing, more often than not the interviews are collegial or sappy. Perhaps the best fea-

ture for legislators is that the shows are televised gratis by Rogers Communications Inc. as a goodwill gesture and as a three-year Canadian-content pledge to the CRTC. Some evenings are so hectic in the studios that sops are rushed through their sessions assembly-line style. Says Nicole Novak, Rogers' executive-director in Ottawa: "The chair is still warm from one interview to the next."

The coaching also seems to make the members better politicians. Racine, a veteran journalist and bureau chief of Radio-Canada, claims that even a seasoned member can benefit from his media training, noting that Communications Minister Francis Fox ranks

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THE WORLD
ACCORDING TO GARYP
Directed by
George Roy Hill

The movie adaptation of John Irving's *The World According to Garp*, a novel that united the popular imagination, is presently bereft of noise. The novel's theme—the brutal, unexpected visitations of pain that even the consoling forces of love and family are powerless to prevent—was detailed with a richness of incident, propelled with adolescent force. However, the movie in contrast to dwell prosaically upon the fragility of family life, without ever poking at the wounds. Whatever was thought of the story of writer T.S. Garp and his mother, Jenny Fields, a nurse who unexpectedly becomes a feminist heroine by writing her autobiography, it was unquestionably larger than life. The movie is much tricer than existence.

The director, George Roy Hill (*The Sting*, *A Little Romance*), and screenwriter Steve Tesch (*Breaking Away*)

have taken the novel's steady route and drained the juice out of Irving's material. "We are all terminal cases," Garp wrote, and the book took great pains to support its claim that we go through life getting maimed, losing parts of ourselves and eventually dying. The calamitous events in the novel—a dog biting part of a child's ear off, a horrible car accident and two assassinations—do not have the impact engineered by the book. As it rolls along, Garp displays but does not dramatize.

The comic-strained teasing in Garp is absurdity. As the writer who lives under the shadow of his mother's celebrity and at heart a family man, Robie Williams is a ridiculous choice for Garp—all slick physical mannerisms and overwrought facial effort. You feel this actor would not have a clue what to do with an emotion if indeed he ever conceded to



Williams: a movie that is short of its central theme

cut their own tongues in sympathy for her hideous fate. When Garp finally meets the grown-up Ellen James (Anastasia Hounslow), it is for all of a minute—something of an insult to an actress who happens to be the most gifted of her generation. That meeting should shake us up, but it is almost casually tossed away. The movie is scored of its very subject, which is pain.

What makes *The World According to Garp* slightly larger than a broad laugh, if not life, are two sterling portrayals. As Jenny Fields, Glenn Close struts the right note for a woman dealing with life on its own terms. Close's soft-voiced discomforts simply captures Jenny's momentary naivete, confusion, constrained and sympathetic John Lithgow steals the rest of what little show there is as Roberto Muldron, the tight end for a football team who has had a sex change and becomes attracted to Jenny and her family. Lithgow, who was startlingly effective as a lecher in *Obsession* and *More Out*, etches a brilliant portrait of someone who straddles two sensibilities and, therefore, two worlds. His world is always poignant without ever being pathetic, it may read without ever being commonplace. Would that the same could be said for *The World According to Garp*—a movie whose title is an unfilled promise.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

A stalled vehicle at a red light

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE
IN TEXAS
Directed by Colin Higgins

Imagine a high school dramatic society being given \$25 million and you have an idea of the accomplishment of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. Shifted from the Broadway stage and tailored to fit the talents of Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton, it's this year's *Can't Stop the Music*—every bit as silly as it is synthetic. Within the confines of a stage, the thin little musical about the efforts of a whorehouse to survive itself from a meddling TV reporter who wants to shut it down was admirable enough. Transferred to the big-budgeted wide screen, *Whorehouse* has become gross and leaden. Mutual tanglers either limp along with fake heartiness, such as a bare-assed football team striding in the showers, or else overheat the camera without any aplomb whatsoever.

If the show's original director and choreographer, Tommy Tune, had been allowed to make the movie serious, *Whorehouse* might have been a less

graduous project; and the characters might have retained their individuality and idiosyncrasy. Director Colin Higgins (y to y, *Foot Flaw*) does not understand musicals visually or emotionally and he has not extracted anything from the cast. Or it may well be that the cast had nothing to bring to the material. As the madams of the Clatskanie Ranch, Dolly Parton plays with one sweet note, which is essentially playing herself, as the sheriff who sees her on the side, Burt Reynolds must have taken another look at his hand holding and straining in *At Long Last Love* and put himself on automatic pilot. Even the bawdy *Don't Bore Us in the Overmountain* TV reporter is falsely eager. The people in this movie are like *Howies* ordered to act.

Whorehouse is an example of the worst kind of Hollywood thinking, presuming that what works in one medium will also flourish in another if enough money is ladled into it. Even more wounding is the assumption that audiences will rush out to see star personalities, no matter what the vehicle. Why should they when they can watch them do the same thing on talk shows?

—LOTT

Parton playing with one sweet note



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THEATRE

Fresh challenges for a young company

By Mark Cismecchi

"P"atrol" is how Stratford Festival artistic director John House describes theatre at its best in Canada. Faced with a dearth of well-trained classical actors, his solution—thanks to a \$200,000 grant from Imperial Oil Ltd.—has been to establish a course himself at Stratford, Ont., headed by voice teacher Kristin Linklater. After three months of scheduling and rehearsal, the 12 actors and four senior players in the Shakespeare company are now presenting A Midsummer Night's Dream and All's Well That Ends Well at the festival's Third Stage.

The results so far are promising, and the quality of production is high.

Director Peter Froehlich's reading of Demetrius is understated, yet his fluid and baroque approach poses many challenges to the young company. For the most part, these are met, especially by Sean McKenna as Helena, Kerren Jewkes as Puck and Thomas Hoot as Bottom. Nicky Gaudagnoli's curial Demetrius is swiftness belied by a nervous energy. Fast-overstressed lines that sacrifice textual nuance to vocal clarity. Froehlich's mobility is the keynote of production.

Initially, fragility does not prevail. "What looks these mortals but" is aptly described by the burlesque hysteria of the four active lovers in the woods as they sing, sinner and graffitist their way to a medicine of wisdom. The Athenian heroines who have assembled there to rehearse a play led by a female Quince (played with understating flamboyance by Charvonn King) appear emotionally adrift by comparison. But this production's major strength lies in



Gardes (left), McGuire: a masochism on verbal mythology

transpositions such as those which beguile the play's integrated beauty. At the end, their playful enchantments and unites both courtesans and audience when Puck (William Vukobrat) gets carried away playing Titania and abandons his falsetto in the final soliloquy before stabilizing himself, the play's many veils of artifice drop away to reveal the pure passion at the wellspring of art.

Ironically, the company's shortcomings in acting technique are less visible

in the more unsatisfactory All's Well, set by director Richard Cottrell in a pre-Brecht World War fascist dystopia. Two visions, inseparable with each other, is a Dietrich, provides a Cartesian example of how to confuse an audience by releasing Shakespeare in a period that chooses, rather than dramatizes, a play's inner movement. Nor has the search for understanding been helped in this case by Fiona Reid's Helena, a Polyanna who seems too preoccupied to execute the risky scheme that tracks the reluctant Bottom (John Nork) into consummating their marriage.

Not just the title of this play is ironic. Bottom's sudden captivation to Helena at the end requires careful preparation, and Cottrell's crude juxtaposition of determined innocence breaking through a demonic wilderness is not subtle enough to explore the necessary analogies. The opening scenes, for example, pair Helena with the brawny Puckles, and much more could have been done with their matching quests.

In itself, however, the script is flawless, with Diego Marone's displaying precision timing and an arresting stage presence as Puckles in both

plays, it is clear that voice training has taken precedence over movement, but the physical awkwardness is less evident in Cottrell's more ponderous staging.

The younger members of the more experienced misanthrope company are featured as well in the third and fourth offerings. Translations, by the Irish playwright Brian Friel, hailed as a classic when it appeared in London last year, this translated, week in, week out, in Ireland in the 1980s. British song engineers are mapping the countryside, substituting English translations as equivalents for Gaelic place-names. Owen (Helen Foster), the anti-

Gaudagnoli (left), Hoot: the Karyatids is risky reality



first son of the local schoolmaster, Hugh (Ruf) McGuire, is their interpreter and well-intentioned *dufus* who believes that the process will help his people adapt to the outside world. His brother, Maize (John Harris), sees that it is destroying their cultural heritage. Instead, but he cannot fight it, like the other Irish, he is impressed by his language and doubly enslaved by a national idealism that favors words over deeds.

Friel's writing reflects these attitudes, to the play's detriment. His words become ineptly on purpose, using English as the common stage language for both his anglophone and Gaelic-speaking characters, so that the audience always understands when Gaelic is actually being "spoken." As if that were not cumbersome enough, the rituals and by the classical manner Jimmy Jack (Lewis Gendron)—are endlessly translating Hugh's Gaelic and Latin bits into Brit's all too clever, despite the byzantine and humor, this meditation on verbal psychology ends in linguistic non-sense. Although Hugh and Maize repeat the same themes many times, Friel has failed to increase their in action. Except for a brief romance between the passionate Maize (Kate Trotter) and the dreamy English soldier, Yalmond (Jim Mesrobian), *Translations* has no dramatic centre.

Most important, whatever the universal truths it may state about language and culture, its potential power lies locked in the specific nuances of Anglo-Irish relations. What Friel leaves unexplored, rightly or wrongly, director Gray Spring needs to make more explicit. Without a clear sense that Hugh's "hedge school" under the British occupation has an ambivalent political and educational status, for example, the audience misses many of the play's complexities. Although Spring has done very well by the richly drawn characters, a sharper focus on such issues might have mitigated the play's lamented sentimentalism.

Philip Silver's overly realistic and characterless set only accentuates the play's self-absorption. The Irish accents, moreover, are at times incomprehensible, and the men's vocal projections of the "mythic epaulet with tom-tom" leitmotifs that the acting is excellent, especially Kate Trotter's as Maize, while shiny. Friel and Richard McGuire stand out as two of Hugh's students. Miles Pether starts strongly in the pivotal role of Owen but curiously articulates the tragedy of his double devotion to English's lackey and nationalist to his poem-loving father. The final is largely left untranslated into the language of action remains only words, words, words. **C-**

BOOKS

The big one gets away

THIS SECOND TRAP

by Douglas Hill

(Breakwater, 320 pages, hard-cover \$21.95, soft-cover, \$8.95)

The people of Newfoundland's small fishing outposts must risk losing the strongest and most valuable on the coast. While most North Americans grow comfortable with the blood living habits of an increasingly standardized society, the outport folk have remained tribal, if not racist, individuals. They still down to the sea in small boats. They still speak their old, mangled English, and many still show a distinct disdain for "getting ahead."

Nevertheless, the progressive homogenizing spirit of the times may eventually undermine their culture. This brings a special jeopardy to the three

Hill has an ear for Newfoundland voices, but the action lacks the surprises that make the best thrillers

passages of *The Second Trap*, the first novel by Douglas Hill, a Toronto novelist who has taken an extended leave in a Newfoundland outport. Hill has created a hero whose life shows remarkable parallels to his own. Dan Harris, a sociologist from St. John's, arrives in Molly's Cove, intent on studying the connections between kinkip tin and the distribution of fishing rights. But unlike Hill, who managed to complete his novel, Harris' interest in his work flags. The admiration for the rich personality and narrative beauty of the cover has grown so all-consuming that he becomes more absorbed in joining the community than in documenting it.

As a narrator, Dan Harris is about as interesting as soggy toast. He has no strong opinions or character traits; he does have the gall to insist on short snuff things as his unsuccessful attempts to make bread. Yet his very dullness allows the men of Molly's Cove (the women are shadowy figures, at best) to shine out in all their idiosyncratic glory. Hill has a sensitive ear for the island dialect, and when he invents an all-night drinking spree, the stories and antics of the men are unforgettable. Unfortunately, the novel does not

sustain such standards. With the introduction of Gardner Weld, owner of the local fish-processing plant, and his beachcomber, each of Hill's characters becomes as subtle as a pole from a comic prod. Weld begs comparison with Maize Legree, the first woman on a wharf and runner of the shore as his personal fiddler. As Dan, in one of his more enlightened moments, points out, it does not make sense that Weld would so mismanage the people whose help he needs. But Weld, it appears, is after bigger game than fish—just as Hill is after more than a quiet sunset novel.

Suddenly, *The Second Trap* metamorphoses into a thriller, and a rather crude one at that. Dan has looked too deeply into several fishing fatalities, and his seriously voiced suspicions have made him a marked man. He spends the last third of *Trap* running for his life. Some of these scenes make a strong, primitive appeal to the survival instinct, but on the whole the action lacks sophistication and is devoid of twists and surprises. The shortcomings of the books and possible stops are especially felt here. *The Second Trap* will probably make a quick trip to the remainder bin, but there is enough here to make us hope for better from Hill the second time around. —JOHN BACANT

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Prickly Manne, Confessions* (3)
- 2 *The Man from St. Peterburg, Fables* (3)
- 3 *The New Year, Dandelion* (3)
- 4 *The Prodigal Daughter, Jokers* (3)
- 5 *Monique's Quince, Gossamer* (3)
- 6 *Eyes, Burial, Place* (7)
- 7 *No Candles, Fables* (3)
- 8 *Friday, Fables* (3)
- 9 *The Angelic Wreck, Gossamer* (3)
- 10 *An Inconvenient Ocean, McClelland* (3)

Nonfiction

- 1 *Jose Pardo's Workbook, Fables* (3)
- 2 *The Great City, Fables* (3)
- 3 *Princess, Lacey* (3)
- 4 *Candle with Love, Week* (3)
- 5 *The Vampire Strikes Back, McClelland* (3)
- 6 *Years of Upstairs, Downstairs* (3)
- 7 *The Fate of the Earth, Fables* (3)
- 8 *The Holy Ghost and the Holy Ghost, Lacey and Lacey* (3)
- 9 *Living, Loving & Learning, Fables* (3)
- 10 *Life on Earth, Atherton* (3)

(1) Fables last week

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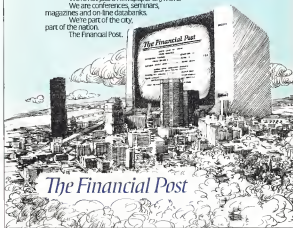
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Why the trout like Tories

By Dalton Camp

This week's thumb-sucker is being reprinted in the ragged remnant of the Labrador Trough, from a lodge carved out of the woods and built on a site surrounded entirely by fishing holes, accessible only by floatplane. True to the genre of such publications, the facilities are primitive but excellent. Save for the roughness of the lake, everything else has led to its fame in including the six fishermen in our party.

The fishermen bring with them minimal skills and slight experience, it

own sake. In the Labrador Trough the child in the man again emerges in search of distinctly remembered incidents: wet wool socks, the loss of a lone mosquito in the night, the swarms of airborne creatures by day, each and all in search of blood, the fishing fly snagged on the unreachable bush-parsnips.

There are positive cognates and lovable kit for the contemporary practitioner. To minimize the loss of blood, there are insect repellents which, if in contact with the eyes, cause blindness, or, if swallowed, cause death, and, if



would require a wilderness location to provide waters in which the untold millions of the fish for action exceeds their own. Despite the experience of the trout, it must be reported of yesterday's catch that the bulk of it was brought in by the pilot and the guides. But, as with farming, so it is with fishing—the conditions are never quite right. The slight success of yesterday's outing was firmly attributed by the guides to high water, the alternative operative excuse to low water, in Toronto, Montreal or Vancouver this sort of thing is known as public relations. (Today, however, the trout were out to be denied. The fishermen, relieved with full creels, followed by photo opportunities.)

Not everyone comes here to fish, your correspondent included. Most gaffers I know play 90 holes simply to develop an adequate thirst for the 19th hole. What I like best about fishing is breakfast, then very morning, the good politics was pulled awake by a localised feast of fresh trout rolled in flour and fried in Maundy. My personal definition of fisherman's luck is when someone finds worms at the table.

As a native son of New Brunswick, I have spent my life denying my natural inheritance as an instinctual devotee of truth, if you're from New Brunswick and don't fish, people would rather not hear about it. I fished audaciously as a boy, believing it expected of me. Furthermore, this was at a time in my life when I discovered that the political Dalton Camp is a reputational refinement. (Also Patterson is an issue

merely inhaled, cause veritas. But they work. To desert trench foot, his waders are worn and these will hold up to 32 L of fresh water, one day's use.)

Still—and it ought to be said—a day spent casting for trout on waters deep in the Canadian wild is, whatever else the result, a day well spent. The exercise encourages meditation and reflection even as it creates that ramshackle modern ambience—silence in tranquillity. Whatever tennis players do after the ritual handshake at the net, or however much the leader enjoys the 19th, fishermen have it best after the fire is lit, the bar open, and the talk begins.

Anglers of any description are not notably left-wing after hours. But the members of this party are not only different anglers but sometimes failed politicians as well. All of them are, or have been, Tories and tale-spinners of aggressive stature. One is Finlay MacDonell, general chairman of the recent Canada Fund, valiantly and obscurely known as The Rag. MacDonell owns the

delicious distinction of having run federally in Halifax in 1982 as a professional royal supporter of John Diefenbaker and losing, then making for re-election as provincial party president three years later and being torched out because he was suspected of being soft on Diefenbaker. He now lives in Ottawa.

Another in the group is Sam Malin, whose political career in date includes 33 long months of door-to-door campaigning for a federal seat in Toronto, followed by 27 days sitting as a member of Parliament, after which the Clark government felt, prizing Sam in the

weddings. Yet another in Bill Neville, formerly chief of staff to former prime minister Joe Clark, then bearing the burden of being the man most often blamed for what went wrong. Neville now carves in banking circles and smiles a lot.

David Angus, a Montreal lawyer, is the only one of the group whose political curriculum vitae is successful. He also caught the most fish.

Finally, there is your correspondent, who needs no introduction, and the last fisherman, Brian Mulroney. It will be recalled that Mulroney ran for the leadership of the PC party in 1976 and finished third to Clark. It is a widely held belief that he will run again, should there be a vacancy, and that, when not managing the corporate affairs of the Inco Co., he toils for delegate support along the fatuousness of the Trepassey.

"Politics," observed the long-suffering wife of a prominent Canadian politician, "it takes everything from a man." But it did not seem so sound like that at Lac Khabado, where highly ebullient, anecdotal, pungent political talk echoed in the wilderness until the approaching hours of dawn. Listening in, you could only conclude that the first requisite for survival in politics is wit.

Politics, I have concluded, is a lot like fishing, there being so much legend, ritual and celebration in it. And you don't have to enjoy politics to enjoy the company of politicians, which also goes for fishing. My gaffers like this the system, we're better off than we sometimes think. If you doubt me, ask the trout.

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